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(J. HOLMES, TOOK'S COURT.)

REVIEWS.

Sketches of Corfu, Historical and Domestic, its Scenery and Natural Productions; interspersed with Legends and Traditions.
London: Smith, Elder & Co.

Our readers do not require to be told, that we have an especial kindness for travellers of the poetical school—the furthest possible remove from those worthy and scrupulous people, who, as they pass deliberately from country to country, will not let a rivulet murmur by, without telling you its birth and parentage—who are not contented to omit one single shapeless ruin, or one uninteresting town—and, without reference to their own personal feelings or fancies, describe everything with the same unexceptionable and level phrase, and remorseless minuteness. But the lady who has here given us her experiences of foreign lands, has, we must confess, run into the opposite extreme: a little too much of the personal (so difficult to manage gracefully,) mingles with her descriptions; and her legends and traditions have far too much of imagination in them to unite naturally with the realities of her journal. Having satisfied our critical consciences by this gentle protest, we shall proceed to prove that we are indebted to her for some pleasant reading, and many lively pictures of scenery and manners, which interest us by their novelty.

We have scarcely opened the volume ere we encounter one of these—though the *primæ* wells there described, may be found somewhat nearer home than Corfu—even in the market gardens about Brentford and Isleworth.

"The peasants, rich or poor, never think of enclosing their ground; so that often, unwittingly, we find ourselves in the midst of a garden, surrounded by beds of strawberries and tomatos, and it may be, by the side of a well. These last are so primitive, that I must describe one to you.—A high pole is firmly fixed in the ground near the edge of the well; on the top of it another long pole is fixed in a transverse position. At one end of the horizontal pole is a bucket, at the other a corresponding weight; so the man removes the weight when he wishes to draw water, and down goes the bucket. When hedges are made at all, they are made of the cactus and agape. The cactus bears a bright yellow flower, and from the fibres of the agape, is manufactured a coarse thread. We crossed the race-ground, and came home through a village called Manduchio, inhabited chiefly by fishermen and sailors, noted, time out of mind, for their warlike disposition. 'Fierce as a Manduchiot,' is a Greek proverb. The one street, about a quarter of a mile long, was so narrow, that we might in many places have touched the houses on each side. The different goods were exposed for sale, under a rough portico tiled over, and supported by the stems of trees, from which the bark was not stripped. A yellow flag, hung out on the end of a pole, told that white,—and a red flag, that Ithaca or Zante wine might be bought within. Fish were jumping about all alive, and

apparently just caught. At other shops were displayed bread, meat, clothes, vegetables, all arranged on tables under the sheds; while the master, turban on head, and pipe in mouth, sat, tailor-like, sometimes on the window-sill of the house, sometimes on the table itself among his goods, awaiting his customers. We met two or three poor Suliot women, toiling along, bent double under the weight of enormous faggots, which a strong man,—for the experiment has been tried,—could scarcely lift from the ground. These poor creatures had their knitting in their hands, and their husbands, smoking as usual, walked at ease by their side. Wherever two or three houses, standing back from the rest, formed a sort of recess, there was sure to be seen a party of women seated, making nets, winding flax off the graceful looking roc, or plaiting rushes, and forming the plait into round flat baskets, with a hole in the centre of one side; these baskets are used for expressing the oil of olives; we have gathered the rushes by the sea shore; they are about three feet in length, bear a pretty flower, and are armed at the top with a point as fine as a fine needle's point."

The authoress was domesticated in the house of one of the noblest families of the island, and gives us amusing accounts of its shrewd honourable master, and its slatternly ignorant mistress, "who would not eat a potato for the world, because it was the fruit with which the Devil tempted Eve." But we cannot venture on these, because ideal personages (we suppose) figure in the group; and our authoress is always most pleasant when she is most strictly *real*. The following sketch of the family of a Greek peasant is excellent:—

"One of the count's servants married many years ago, and is settled at the little village of Castrades, about a mile out of town. As his cottage offers an admirable specimen of the Greek peasantry, I will describe it to you, only premising that he is better off than many of the villagers. He does not stew myrtles for soup, or eat the weeds out of the fields, as many of them do. Stefanò, on his wedding-day, took his wife's mother to his house, and she still lives with them; he has two daughters, and a happier or more united family, I never beheld. Stefanò is industrious, and very ingenious; his cottage contains two rooms; the outer one is neither ceiled nor floored; one door opens on the road, another opposite to a pretty garden; for furniture, it contains a few benches, a table, a large carved Venetian chest, and two portraits of some of the old Venetian governors; all want of other ornament is made up by a superabundance of live pets. These kind-hearted people take in all the stray dogs and birds of the neighbourhood; and Stella, the eldest girl, nurses them with the greatest fondness. In this very room, are three singing birds, a whole family of pigeons under the table, a lame cat, and a little jumping black cur, who seems very well inclined to domineer over all the others. One day, we were caught in a shower, and ran in for refuge. Henrietta was mounted on a donkey, so Stefanò would not rest till the donkey was brought in also, and there he stood in the middle of the room, braying in perfect astonishment, to the great amusement of the rest

of its inmates. The inner room, the *sanctum*, is finished with a far greater degree of neatness. I suspect that Stefanò spends half his earnings on it. It is floored, and what is still more uncommon, the floor is kept constantly scrubbed; in the next place, the beams and tiles are hidden by a very neat ceiling of bamboos closely twined together; and, lastly, the most expensive improvement of all, one window is actually glazed. The place of glass is generally supplied in these lowly cottages, by cloth strained over a frame, or by gypsum, which is found in some parts of the island in pieces sufficiently large and thin. This room contains two beds, on handsome bedsteads, each covered with a white counterpane, and, folded neatly over at the top, is a snow-white frilled sheet; you may suppose these are taken off every night. Stefanò and his wife occupy one bed; the other is shared by the grandmother, two girls, and Chloe, the afore-named little black cur. Old Katrina assured me that she could not sleep without Chloe, and 'he is just as fond of me, Signora,' she continued; 'he goes round to kiss them all every night, but he always comes to sleep on my arm.' Every Greek housewife, even the poorest, prides herself on the whiteness and trimming of her bed-linen. Exactly opposite the door, hangs a picture of the Virgin, a black beauty, and the background, as in all the pictures of the Greek churches, is gilt; a lamp hangs before her, but it is only lighted on feast-days, though always full of oil. On St. John's eve, the lamp is emptied before the house, and some wish is spoken for the good of the family, which is sure to be granted. The portraits of many other saints hang about the walls. On each side of the door stands a sofa, that indispensable piece of Greek furniture, and an old-fashioned bureau, decorated with the various curiosities of the children: among them, stands conspicuous an English doll, which we dressed for Angelica, carefully preserved under a paper case.

"Behind the house is the flower-garden, neatly arranged with Maltese vases at the corners of the beds. There is a pleasant trelliced vine-walk all round, and in one corner a large stone well: this, too, is shaded by trellice work, which forms a pretty arbour. Many an idle noontide hour have I loitered away there, gathering grapes, as they hung almost into my mouth, and listening to the auldwife-stories and country traditions of the good old 'Nonna.' Here, as everywhere, the old legends are passing into oblivion, and those ceremonies which the grandmother practised in her young days with superstitious reverence, are laughed at by her children. But I love these remnants of the olden day, these footprints of the fairies, and it is good and refreshing sometimes to turn away from the cold reasoning of truth, and hear the old woman tell how, in her maiden prime, she used to join a company of merry girls, on the eve of Midsummer-day, and they would put a flower-bell, each choosing her own favourite, into a wide-mouthed bottle, and lower it into the well, walking round, and singing all the time, and each one uttering her secret invocation to the goddess Flora, with the name of some favourite peasant lad in her heart; and how, early on the following morn, they used to hasten thither, and woe to those lasses whose flowers were floating with their faces downwards! Then the old 'Nonna' tells me never

to walk out at noon in June and July, for then the evil spirits are abroad, free to work their wicked will; and if I admire anything she values,—her grand-child's hair, or Chloe's silken ears, she spits on the floor, and exclaims, 'Anathema,' to avert the 'evil eye.' This 'evil eye' seems a very formidable bugbear. I never yet saw a Greek child without an amulet sown in a leathern bag, and hanging round its neck to avert the dread influence."

Passing over some verses and other unimportant matters, we come to a few words more upon the village of Castradès, which form a beautiful picture.

"I love this little peaceful village, as much for the veil which the days of departed grandeur have thrown over it, as for the interest which, being built by the sea, and inhabited by fishermen, it still possesses. Therefore, I often bend my evening walk hither. At their cottage doors, the villagers, old and young, are seated; in various, always picturesque groups. A mother with her playful children clinging about her, resting a moment from her work to caress them;—a young wife with her first-born, looking as much as may be, like a mummy in its swaddling clothes, reposing on one arm, while the other hand flings back the falling veil;—two or three idle girls standing about a door-way, pretending to wind flax, and looking quite classical with their old fashioned rocs and olive faces;—a group of merry boys with bamboos across their shoulders, imitating the English exercise;—a widow, making nets, fastened to the back of a chair, and looking far over the ocean all the time, to see if her only one is not returning;—an old man, sitting on his door-step, with his pipe in his mouth, watching the movements of his grandchild in a go-cart beside him;—and all these several people have one common point of interest among them."

"And how beautiful is the little bay itself! Near the shore is a fisher's boat just come in. All the idle stragglers of the village wade off knee-deep, and surround it: then such shouting, and screaming, and laughter, and noise, as each fills his basket with fish, and wades back again to the shore! A little farther on are twenty or thirty men, yoked together with ropes, and pulling with all their might, at a very heavy net, in the contents of which they all hold some share. Scattered about the bay are many graceful latten sails, waving with every slight breeze; farther off is the round white ruined mill, rising at the end of a mole which runs some little way into the sea. The sun, which is setting in the opposite quarter of the sky, lights it up with his last rays, and makes it shine forth like a beacon light."

The journal is divided into months, and in April we are presented with a long list of the plants indigenous to Corfu, which, with other scattered notices of the rich and varied Flora of the island, must be tantalizing to all who love flowers naturally rather than botanically. At a further part of the book, some account is also given of the fish and marine productions, but we must draw upon its pages for matters of more universal interest. We next find some account of the Greek forms of worship.

"I have been for some time trying to understand the religion of the Greeks. As far as I have hitherto succeeded, it appears a strange mixture of feasts and fasts; of ringing of bells and muttering jargon. This morning, as Nina and I were trying the music of a new opera, an unusual noise on the esplanade drew us to the verandah, and we saw a procession passing by: a military band; priests in their flowing robes, bearing lighted wax tapers as tall as themselves; flags, crosses, pictures, carried aloft; incense

waving; a penitent clad in white, barefooted, and bending under the weight of a heavy black cross; and last of all the hero of the day, the mummy of St. Spiridon himself, in a sort of sedan chair, borne aloft on men's shoulders, and shaded by an embroidered canopy; no, I was wrong to say, last of all, for those who came after the body, made me blush for my countrymen. The governor, the representative of majesty, followed, bareheaded, the idol of the people. Little sick children were brought out and laid in the road, that the shadow of the saint might pass over them. If, by chance, they recover, their mothers will make them wear a priest's robe for a certain number of years, as a thank offering to the saint. Vows are as common among the Greeks as among the Roman Catholics. Nina was telling me of one of her sisters, who had vowed to wear a veil for three years, during her lover's absence."

This again is followed by a long enumeration of the superstitions current among the people, in which the saints of the Christian Calendar seem pressed into the service of the gods of the old mythology: the mixture of the two creeds is singular and picturesque. To think for instance of there being "people, yet living in Cefalonia, who remember seeing the obolo placed in the coffin to pay old Charon!" Another custom mentioned is curious.

"Before I close the chapter, I must tell you a word respecting the ceremonies they observe at Easter, which amuse me exceedingly. Exactly at noon, all the bells in the city burst out in one peal, at the same moment the bishop says, 'Our Lord is risen;' and crash, crash, crash, go all the broken pots and pans out of all the windows in all the narrow dirty streets of Corfu; while the old women, who have been on the *qui vive* for the moment, exclaim, 'Avant fleas, bugs, and all vermin; make way for the Lord of all to enter.' The people have eaten nothing but vegetables for forty days; and now, alas! for the lambs. At the door of every house may be seen the master with his white apron on, and knife in his hand: he cuts, himself, the throat of the poor little wretch, and ere life has quite departed, dips a lock of wool in the blood, and marks a cross on the lintel of the doorway."

As it is impossible to proceed regularly through this volume, we shall pass at once to another very characteristic picture worthy to be drawn by the graphic and spirited pencil of Lewis.

"The festa of the Ascension, or Annalipsi, takes place on the ninth of this month. Of course, we failed not to see it, and a merry and a motley group in truth it was. * * * Here was a tray covered with biscuits and sweetmeats, which the owner was loudly commending to his customers; there a man sold the light country wines for threepence or fourpence per bottle; a little farther on was a group of English soldiers, enjoying their rations in company; and close by, a Greek family singing and smoking round a table. Lambs were roasted whole at wood fires, made on the ground, and when cooked, the owner stuck them up aloft on a stick for sale; the boys brought their oboli, and cut their slice,—the first comer being, of course, the first chooser. Fine scrambling there was, and such shrieking, singing, and chattering, as I never heard before; but no quarrelling or fighting. Signor Palatiano says, that this seldom occurs, except for jealousy; love being here the predominant passion."

"In one place, a wretched fiddler was scraping his kit, while a dozen men danced slowly round him, one occasionally dancing aside, and jumping an extraordinary height. Harry says, that the height of their dexterity consists in giving

the lookers-on as many kicks as they can; but this I do not quite believe. A little farther on, under the olives, another group of men and women were dancing the Romaika. The spectators climbed the trees to look at them, and the red caps, peering through the dark leaves, looked very pretty. These dancers stood in a circle, the men on one side, the women on the other, each person held one end of a handkerchief and his neighbour the other. They walked round very slowly for some time to a low monotonous tune, with grave faces, and eyes fixed on the ground: then the measure changed; the man and woman who joined in the circle raised their hands, and the rest passed under, wreathing about as we do in 'thread my needle.' I believe it is derived from the old story of Ariadne.

"The women were elegantly dressed, with a number of chains round their necks, and some of them wore miniatures,—not as we should do, as mementoes, but merely as ornaments, for they buy them at random. I was chiefly struck by the very melancholy expression of their faces. They were all married, for the unmarried women never appear at these festas."

"We stopped a woman of Alefchimo, to examine her dress. It consisted of a bodice of Genoa velvet, which had probably belonged to her great-grandmother, and down one side of the front was a row of silver bells. She opened her vest, to show us a large plate of embossed silver on her waist, and then made us look at her rings. She had four on each hand, some as large as a half crown piece, roughly set, but very fine stones. She seemed quite delighted as we turned her about and examined all her finery, and wished me long life and happiness."

Our readers may like to have a peep at the artist of Corfu.

"I mounted the dilapidated staircase of the Chevalier's house. The house itself was sadly ruinous, but it was built round a courtyard, in the centre of which was a picturesque-looking fountain, and an orange-tree grew beside it. The inside was worse: the stairs creaked, and the wind whistled through the chinks in the boards. The first objects that greeted us were fifteen or twenty boys copying heads from the antique, and Prossalendi himself, with a pair of compasses in his hand, giving directions. He took us into his museum, and showed us, among other things, an urn that had been excavated near the sea, and was covered with an incrustation of shells and coral: also a sarcophagus, and the foundation stone of our own ruined temple at Cardachio. The Greeks, instead of burying coins on such an occasion, used to carve the head and feet of some animal on a stone, and fit it into another. This practice continues to the present day. In a small box were treasured the relics found in a young priestess's mausoleum, that was disinterred at Zante. They consisted of her sacrificial instruments, the urn to hold the tears, a golden fillet of myrtle leaves, on each of which was inscribed 'Theaki,' and golden ear-rings. The gold was remarkably pure. In Ithaca they used to find antiquities constantly; and a Goth of a Russian, having had a quantity of ornaments and weapons melted down, on being remonstrated with, offered to have them re-made! Can you conceive such utter barbarism? Prossalendi was a pupil of Canova."

The next extracts, which speak for themselves, are taken from the journal for August.

"The pleasantest way of spending the evenings in this terrible month is, after a day of fever and weariness inexpressible, to lie down on the sofa with a volume of Byron in one's hand and a glass of ice within reach; yet we do sometimes, in defiance of the innumerable armies of fleas quartered on the esplanade, take a stroll round it, and then we see a sight we should never

see in England: for, between the hours of nine and ten, most of the people come out of their hot crowded houses in the town; and if we venture a little way down the Strada Reale, we see them seated, in happy little family groups, round tables under the piazzas;—the women laughing, chatting, and drinking lemonade; the men smoking cigars, or singing to the guitar. The Greek ladies have no idea of finery; they do not dream of its being vulgar to sit out of doors in company with their husbands and fathers,—happily for them; so they sit, in their happy ignorance, the first Signoras of the place, enjoying themselves right rationally, while the English ladies parade slowly up and down, longing to rest themselves for a few minutes, yet not daring to do so, lest they should offend the tyrant custom. * * *

"One evening the little white church on the esplanade being illuminated, we walked up the broad grassy steps, and went in to see what was going forward. The walls were almost covered with wreaths and bouquets, some real, some artificial. A papa, in his damask robes, sat before the sanctuary, by a little table, on which were placed a glass case, containing the leg-bone of St. Bernard, and a plate filled with oboli. He did not say to us, as Papa Bulgari did, when we visited the cathedral on the day on which St. Spiridion is exposed for the worship of the people,—'Approach! although you are heretics, fear not; you may kiss his great toe if you please!' but he glanced his keen, restless eye from us to the plate very significantly, expecting perhaps that we should follow the example of the Greeks, kiss the case, and deposit some coin. I asked Count Laurelli why he did not do as his countrymen did; but he laughed, and answered, 'I have given them some money, and that is all the poor devils care for!'

"It must be confessed, that although this extreme heat is very disagreeable, it brings also with it its peculiar luxuries. It is a luxury to bathe in the early morning, between the hours of five and six, which you good people in England—who shudder involuntarily the moment the water touches you, yet persist in taking your annual pickle, because it is recommended,—cannot even imagine; and the half-hour's saunter up and down the shady trelliced graperies, in the palace garden, is still more delicious. One side of the broad terrace lies open to the sea, defended only by a low parapet-wall. Along the other side, and over head, runs a trellice, covered with grapes;—such grapes; each bunch will fill a large dish, and each individual grape is as large as a bantam's egg! bright and clear! and, as the sun glances through them, glowing like amber refined by fire! and, to crown all, they hang within reach! Nay, you need not always be at the trouble of raising even your hand to gather them. To hide the unsightly aspect of the rough stems which, for two or three feet above ground, are bare of leaves, the Cape jessamine is planted, and wreathes itself in rich luxuriance, mingling its large white flowers with the clusters of fruit, and impregnating the atmosphere with fragrance. * * *

"One of my favourite evening walks, when it is possible to walk, is to a little convent near Castrades, dedicated to St. Theodosius. The chapel adjoining it is open every Friday evening in Lent; and right well I love to seat myself on the low stone wall that encloses the garden ground belonging to the priests, and watch the coming of the peasants over the low vineyards that lie between the convent and the Lago Calchiopolo, as, the labours of the day over, they draw nigh, at the witching hour of sunset, to offer up their evening orisons. Very small indeed is the number of the congregation; but what of that? Every group is a perfect picture.—First draw nigh two dark-eyed girls, sis-

ters I should imagine, from their strong resemblance; they wear the usual dark blue petticoat, and white veil enveloping the head and shoulders; the crimson ribbons entwined with their dark hair; the crimson lacing of their white boddices tell that they come from a mountain village—perhaps from Carusades. These are followed by a whole family, father, mother, and infant son, mounted on one horse; the little one is foremost of the party, and as a great indulgence, is allowed to hold the whip in his left hand, warily watched, however, by the father, who is indeed so intent on watching the *coup d'essai* of his first-born, that he forgets to take off his red cap in passing; behind him sits the mother, her folded hands resting on her husband's shoulders, and her face, lighted up with a mother's intense love, leaning on her hands. Ah! well is it for them all, that their steed is one of Rosinante's kindred.

"Here comes a maiden from Potamo. I know it by her superior beauty and intelligence, and by the fashion of her head-gear: her petticoat is of scarlet, and her apron the colour of molten gold; she wears long hanging white sleeves, as like as may be to the bishop's sleeves I brought out with me from England; her vest fits tight to her shape; and the enormous silver clasps that meet over her waist, and her gold chains innumerable, proclaim her a person of wealth. But is she alone? Ah, no! and much I fear the smile and whispered words of that tall, fierce-looking, moustachio'd, and bewhiskered young Albanian by her side, will sadly unfit the poor maiden's mind for the devout service she is come to perform. The snowy whiteness of his full short petticoat; the natty style in which his cap is stuck on one side of his head; the graceful tie of his red-cummerbund, and full embroidery of his tight gaiters, proclaim him a dandy of the first water."

Nor will the further fragments which we intend to give require many explanatory words of introduction. The following is a curious proof of the superstition even of the higher classes in Corfu.

"As we walked down the pass, some bits of rag tied to a stick attracted my attention, and I was about to twitch them off as I passed; but the Count Laurelli caught my hand in a great hurry, exclaiming, 'Corpo di Bacco! leave that alone! you'll catch the fever, or madness, or something as bad! Yes!' he continued, as I looked at him with surprise, 'when our peasantry have any thing the matter with them, they go to the papa; he exorcises the evil spirit by which they are possessed, and ties some rags to a bit of stick; the evil spirit passes into the rags; and if any one should, by ill luck, touch them, he becomes afflicted with the same malady. Nay,' he continued, affecting to smile,—'of course I do not believe these superstitions; but it is as well not to run any risk. Come along, Signorina, the carriage is waiting; don't stand looking at that stick all day.'

The next tell us of olives and oranges.

"There is a laugh and a shout in the valley! they are picking up the olives;—fifteen or twenty young girls, and half-a-dozen venerable matrons. There is no such thing as a middle-aged woman in the Grecian isles: they pass, immediately, from beautiful girls to ugly old women. There they are with their yellow veils and scarlet aprons, kneeling, all in a row, and depositing the fruit in the round flat baskets on the grass. The lazy people: their oil would be as good as that of Lucca or Florence, if they would but exert themselves so far as to shake the trees, or even pick the fruit up as it falls; but no, that would be a trouble; they would be forced to walk from their cottages, which are, perhaps, half a mile distant, every day, for the purpose; and they think it far better to wait till

all has fallen, and pick it up good and bad, ripe and decayed together. * * *

"The oranges are ripe at last; and I have rambed in an orange grove, and dined in an orange grove; and, alas! for the frailty of human nature, stolen oranges therefrom! It was at Cato Virò I first enjoyed that pleasure. Our guide to the grove was no less distinguished a person than the owner, or squire of the village. He wore no stockings, but, *en revanche*, had magnificent gold ear-rings. His hair was plaited round the back of his head, and his vest was fastened with three large silver chains and buttons.

"We visited his house at Virò: the ground-floor was occupied by large stone jars, full of wine: on a table, in the bed-room, a large quantity of Indian-corn bread and dried grapes were spread; the bed itself was trimmed with lace, and the upper vallance was covered with bits of ribbon, silk, and feathers;—these were charms to scare away evil dreams."

The last passage we shall extract concerns some antiquities discovered at Vido.

"After landing, we rambled for some time about the island. They are building fortifications on it, and have quite destroyed all the pretty flowers with which it was covered in the spring. At last, we came to a few planks, carefully nailed down; they were raised, and disclosed to view a pretty considerable piece of ancient mosaic pavement, bedded in the soil. It was composed of small pieces of brick, coloured blue, red, and white, formed into a sort of scroll-pattern, just like that of the oiled-cloths laid down in our passages and halls. There was a corner admirably turned, and a centre-piece in perfect preservation. Some time ago, the soldiers were cutting a road just by here, and cut up a great deal of similar pavement. They were in a great hurry, and the mischief they did was not known till too late. This pavement appears to have formed one of the side-aisles of the very church founded by Jason and Sosipater. It may have been the site of a heathen temple; but I do not think this is the case; because, when the spot was first excavated,—for it was four feet below the surface of the earth,—they found, at the same time, round about, a great many bones and skulls; and high up, on the top of a mound hard by, a long double line of graves. And it was observed, that all the skeletons within them were placed with their faces towards the east; and we know that the early Christians were careful to bury their dead in this position. One of the skulls was brought down for our inspection: it was in high preservation; and six teeth remaining in it were quite perfect and firm."

With this we must leave this pleasant volume. If its writer will give us more such lively representations of scenery, and costume, and character, as we have gathered from her pages, we shall be delighted to meet with her again; and we could almost find in our hearts to wish that she might be banished for another two years to some island as little known to us, and as full of beauties as Corfu.

1. *History of the Reformed Religion.* By the Rev. Edward Smedley. Vol. III. 2. *History of the Church in Scotland.* By M. Russell, L.L.D. London: Rivingtons.

THE present volume of Mr. Smedley's History treats of a period full of interest both to the political and the religious inquirer: it teaches the one, that religious enthusiasm is not always irresistible; the other, that in proportion as religious persuasion is mixed with aught that is foreign to its proper nature, its intrinsic force is lessened and per-

verted. There is scarcely a Protestant church in Europe which may not profit greatly by the study of those events which led to the ruin of the French Huguenots. Bold and sincere as was the zeal of their founders, it was from the beginning employed to light the torch of political disaffection; and as that torch burnt out, the brightness of faith and zeal was only seen in expiring embers. There are circumstances, undoubtedly, in which it is the duty of a religious party to leave no means unemployed to conciliate the great and the powerful; but if history is to be studied for its lessons of experience, it plainly teaches us, that help so acquired is rarely of much value, and that princes are seldom sufficiently independent to persevere rightly in the adoption of a new creed. The support of a religious denomination, which must struggle for its proper existence with pride, passion, prejudice, and superstition, demands singular strength of mind: it usually entails on the most exalted of its advocates a more than average share of the trials demanded of faith and piety. When any means, therefore, are resorted to for the conversion of princes to a new profession, a balance ought to be drawn between the chances of their persevering in the proposed course, and those of their yielding to the difficulties in which it must involve them. There is also another important consideration: should the chief of a state afford his countenance to a new sect, ought it not to be gravely calculated, whether the advantages expected therefrom may not be counterbalanced by dangers almost necessarily arising out of the new position in which the party or sect is then placed? At the best, care should certainly be taken by reformers of every kind to determine both what amount of good, and what kind of good, they look for by catching princes, or crowned heads, when they throw their net into the broad sea of society.

Mr. Smedley's History is written with a skillful and elegant pen, and the general reader may gather from its pages much of the wisdom which is taught by struggles and suffering. In the events that followed the appearance of Henri IV. on the field, he will find a forcible illustration of the truth of our remarks. Never was a prince, ostensibly, more fitted to aid in the cause of religious reform: never did a prince do greater injury to a rising party. He had been owned as its protector; it can scarcely be said that conscience made him its enemy; yet so little reason had the Protestants to regard him in any other light, that the brave Du Plessis declared, that "more precise terms of abjuration had been forced upon his acceptance than would have been demanded of a Jew or a Turk;" and that it might soon be expected to see him, with the consecrated sword of the Pope in his hand, employed in the extirpation of heretics. But what could be the state of a party, provided with such abundant means of internal strength, when such a passage as the following appears in the History of its matured period?—"The power of the Reformed had been greatly diminished by the recent war, and it was yet farther impaired by the deaths of the Maréchal de Bouillon, and of Du Plessis. Our past narrative sufficiently attests how irreparable was the void occasioned by the demise of the latter of these great men; and the former, notwithstanding many errors into

which he had been betrayed by a too ambitious temper, was to be esteemed one of the chief supports of religion, whether on account of his great *military experience*, his *rich and extensive possessions*, or his unshaken constancy." It requires a very slight degree of thought to discover from the wording of this passage, that the French Protestants, as a body, had long changed the only legitimate means and weapons of religious strength, for those which they ought never to have sought or employed. For every assistance they had received from the great, they had given up a large portion of their proper force; and it is a question whether, had they finally succeeded, the sacrifices they must have made to their potent allies would not have deprived them of many of their rights, or greatly weakened their principles.

But, ruined as the Huguenots were by their own injudicious conduct, many admirable men had been nurtured in their ranks; and when the iniquitous decrees of Louis XIII. and his celebrated successor, banished them from France, other countries derived most valuable assistance from their pious and enlightened labours. The concluding chapter of Mr. Smedley's work embraces a general view of the sufferings of these exiles; but we should be glad to see a more particular account of their fate—and recommend the subject to the attention of the conductors of the 'Theological Library,' as fraught with interest and instruction.

It is satisfactory to find a History of the Reformed Religion in France, followed by a History of the Church in Scotland: they form admirable companions, and teach, in conjunction, some of the most useful, though perhaps unpalatable, truths of ecclesiastical records. Dr. Russell is already well known to the public as a learned and polished writer;—nor will the present work lessen his reputation: but it may be questioned, whether he have not written too much like the special advocate of episcopacy, and this to the injury of his subject in some important respects. The 'History of the Church in Scotland' can scarcely fail to excite strong sentiments on the nature of church government; but the lamentable struggles in which the Reformers engaged, to determine between bishops and presbyters, left reform itself safe; and the contemplation of the truly Christian church which was seen firmly established in the hearts of the free and faithful Scots, when the battle was over, fills an unprejudiced mind with delight. It had borne the shaking of its walls both from within and from without; and we trust that Dr. Russell, as he advances, will revive in our hearts some of those vivid feelings of admiration and reverence with which we first read the eventful story of the Scottish church.

Popular Physiology. By P. B. Lord, Esq., M.B., M.R.C.S. London: Parker.

THE science of physiology is as interesting to the general inquirer after knowledge as it is necessary to the professional student; yet there is scarcely any subject on which general readers are so little informed—none on which popular writers have displayed more ignorance: the allusions sometimes made to physiological phenomena by way of illustration or ornament, being generally references

to some antiquated theory long since refuted.

It has been pleaded as an apology for this ignorance, that the medical sciences are so loaded with technical terms, that no one but a professional student could encounter the labour of learning such a cumbrous nomenclature. This is an error: physiology requires a glossary even less than that mockery of science, phrenology, which has occasionally attracted no inconsiderable share of public attention; indeed, the objection is wholly inapplicable to the work before us, which, though scientific in its principles, arrangement, and details, is so simple in language and explanation, that it might be profitably read by an ordinary school-boy, while those far advanced in professional life may consult its pages with advantage.

We are pleased at this attempt to make the study of physiology popular, because many errors in education have arisen from ignorance of our organization. We have often to lament over the victims of that system of hot-bed excitement too prevalent in the present day;—a system which, by endeavouring to force precocious developments of the mental and bodily powers, silently saps the foundation of both. When the tender nature of that delicate organ, the brain, is better understood, parents and teachers will learn that it cannot bear high and continued excitement without great danger of permanent injury. A still more direct result of diffused knowledge on this subject, will be the diminution of quackery: men who know anything of their own structure, will assuredly not trust the management of its disorders to those who have not given some proof of their acquaintance with its healthy and diseased functions.

In his last chapter, Dr. Lord investigates the varieties of the human species, and supports with ability the common origin of mankind. We shall extract his refutation of one popular error on this subject:—

"It might be supposed that the quality by which men are most surely distinguished from other animals, would, by its gradations, afford no bad standard for ascertaining differences of origin and breed amongst themselves, did any such exist; and, accordingly, the obvious general inferiority of the Negro to the Caucasian has been much insisted on, as a proof that they could not have sprung from common parents. But it is evident that the character, to be specific, must be invariable; and will any one pretend to say, that every white is superior in intellectual powers to every black? The assertion would be ridiculous: we have a sufficiency of individuals, endowed with about as much sense as Pope's lord, who was 'far too wise to walk into a well,' while on the other hand, individuals amongst Negro tribes have been found to exhibit a clear and comprehensive intellect, and to attain a distinguished proficiency in the arts, and even in abstruse science. H. Grégoire has written a work, 'De la Littérature des Nègres, Paris, 1808,' in which he collects numerous such examples, and Blumenbach possesses specimens of English, Dutch, and Latin poetry, written by Negro authors. That skill and talent, together with some of the higher moral feelings, were called into display during the revolt, which freed the Haytian republic from the French yoke, admits of no question; nor has there been any lack of political sagacity in the mode in which it has been subsequently governed. Lislet, a Negro of the Isle of France, was named Corresponding Member of the French

Institute, on account of his meteorological observations: Hannibal distinguished himself as a colonel of artillery, in the Russian service; and Fuller, of Maryland, was an extraordinary example of quickness in reckoning. Being asked, in a company, for the purpose of trying his powers, how many seconds a person had lived, who was twenty-seven years and some months old, he gave the answer in a minute and a half. On reckoning it up after him, a different result was obtained: 'Have you not forgotten the leap years?' said the negro. The omission was supplied, and the number then agreed with his answer."

We recommend this work to our readers generally: those who have already studied the subject, will find in it a faithful summary of the best modern opinions on physiology; and for those who are wholly unacquainted with it, it is replete with valuable instruction, conveyed in an intelligible and pleasing form.

Leonardo da Vinci, von Hugo Graf von [Count of] Gallenberg. Leipzig: Fleischer; London, Black & Young.

Leonardo da Vinci was not only one of the greatest of the great Italian painters, but a man of wonderfully varied talent—a sculptor as well as modeller, an architect, a musician, and a poet,—and, moreover, a man of extraordinary learning and science. He was, besides, connected, in one way or another, with Ludovico Sforza, surnamed *il Moro*, with Cæsar Borgia, who employed him as an engineer, with Pope Leo X., and with the kings Lewis XII. and Francis I. of France. The life of such an artist, written by an enlightened patron of the arts, himself a distinguished amateur—we have understood that an opera composed by Graf von Gallenberg is a favourite upon the German stage)—seemed to have good promise in it; and we opened this volume with eager anticipations of pleasure. They have been considerably disappointed. The Count deals not in a flowing narrative, and has collected but few of those gossiping anecdotes which give biography its charm. His work consists almost entirely of arguments upon disputed points in Leonardo's history,—as, whether his birth were legitimate or illegitimate, accompanied by a dry statement of facts. Still the life of such a man cannot be wholly uninteresting; and, without entering into any detail of Leonardo's career, we shall select some of the few, the very few, passages and anecdotes to be found in his biographer's pages, which may chance to be unknown to our readers.

Leonardo was the son of a Florentine official, a *Notajo della Signoria*, and in his earliest childhood discovered the strong graphic bent of his genius. We are told that

Ser Piero (the father) could not do otherwise than comply with his son's wishes; for the inclination so early developed, the honour then connected with the practice of art, and the ample remuneration which every gifted artist was entitled to hope for, were guarantees for the lad's welfare. He therefore lost no time in informing his friend, Master Andrea da Verocchio, whom Florence then esteemed her ablest artist, of his son's talents and wishes.

The stories told of Da Vinci's wonderful progress in art, and the despair in which old Verocchio abandoned it in consequence of his pupil having painted to perfection an angel in an altar-piece which Verocchio was

preparing for the monks of Valombrosa, are well known.

Leonardo soon acquired such celebrity as an artist as induced Ludovico Sforza to invite him to Milan. The dual invitation we have not; but the artist's answer has been preserved, and its manner induces a suspicion that his Highness had inquired what Leonardo could do for him besides painting. It is a very singular document, upon which Count Gallenberg observes—

In order to form an idea of the multifarious studies of Leonardo's youth, of his extensive and profound acquirements, it is sufficient to read his answer to Ludovico Sforza's invitation. * * * I must remark, that Leonardo wrote it with his left hand, and that the original is therefore to be read in the Oriental fashion, from right to left.†

The letter reminds us a little of the Marquis of Worcester's 'Century of Inventions.' Some of our readers may have read it before, but, as it is not commonly known in England, it may be worth while to translate a few passages:—

Most illustrious Signor, having now sufficiently seen and considered the experiments of those who are reputed masters in the art of making implements of war, and satisfied myself that their inventions differ in nothing from the instruments in common use, I shall endeavour, without detriment to others, to lay my secrets open to your Excellency, placing them at your disposal; as I confidently hope that, in due time and season, all the matters here below enumerated, may be made effective.

1. I have means of making very light bridges, very easy of carriage, with which to pursue, and sometimes to fly from, the enemy; and others secure, and invulnerable by fire or battle, easy to be laid down and to be removed. And, further, means of burning and destroying those of the enemy.

2. For sieges I know how to draw the water out of the fosses, how to make bridges with ladders, and an infinity of other things appertaining to such expeditions.

3. Item, if, from the height of the ramparts, or the strength of the town or of its site, cannon could not be used in the siege, I have means of destroying every fortress that is not actually founded on the live rock.

4. I have likewise devised a sort of cannon, most convenient and easy to be transported, with which to shoot a tempest of burning matters, the smoke whereof should terrify the enemy, to his great injury and disorder.

5. I have devised a mode, by means of narrow winding ways, noiselessly to reach any place, to effect which it may be needful to pass under fosses or rivers.

6. I can make safe, covered carriages, which can enter the lines of the enemy despite his artillery; nor is there any body of horse so strong that they would not break through; and behind these the infantry may follow, without damage or hindrance.

But enough of Leonardo's military inventions—pass we to his arts of peace:—

10. In time of peace I trust to compete with any one, and to give perfect satisfaction, in architecture, in the building of public and private edifices, and in conveying water from one place to another.

Item, I will undertake, in sculpture, whether in marble, bronze, or clay, as also in painting, to do what can be done, and compete with every other, be that other who he may. I could, further, undertake the bronze horse, which is to ensure the immortal glory and eternal honour

† This mode of writing he seems to have adopted in noting his inventions, to guard against discovery. But why he should write a letter that could only be read with difficulty, is not so clear.

of your Excellency's father, of happy memory, and of the whole house of Sforza.

And should any of these things be by any one deemed impossible and impracticable, I profess myself ready to make experiment of them in your park, or in whatever place shall please your Excellency, to whom I most humbly recommend myself, &c.

At Milan, one of Leonardo's first artistic labours—for he was employed in several of the various capacities in which he offered his services—was the above-mentioned equestrian statue of Francis Sforza. He completed the model; but the Duke had not at the moment money to cast it in bronze; and the model itself was destroyed when Milan was entered by the French, who used it as a target for their bowmen. But his great Milanese work,—indeed, the great achievement of Leonardo da Vinci's professional life, upon which his fame long mainly depended,—was his fresco painting of the Last Supper, in the refectory of the Dominican monastery. We will endeavour to condense the history of this masterpiece:—

Leonardo planned this picture, according to the wish of the Duke, who was much bent upon beautifying the Milanese Dominican Monastery. The wall it was to occupy was eight and twenty feet long, and he was therefore obliged to make his figures half as large again as life. * * *

He who looks at this great picture, so far as the misfortunes of past times have left it visible, will comprehend how short a period were two or three years, for such a wonderful creation of art; especially for an artist so anxious, so difficult to be pleased with his own performance, as Leonardo. His contemporary, Luca Pacciolo, says Leonardo always seemed to tremble when he was preparing to paint; and, from his sense of the grandeur of art, never finished what he began, discovering faults in those of his works which appeared to others miracles of perfection. He had to meditate the grouping, which the first painters have declared to be pre-eminently skilful and natural, in the separate parts and actions, as well as in the whole. For this he had first to execute cartoons. * * * The cartoon drawings of the thirteen heads were long preserved in the house of the Counts Arconati, then transferred to the Marquess Gassendi. They next passed into the possession of the Venetian family of Sogredo, and, upon its extinction, were sold to the English consul Odni.

This marvellous English name may, we believe, be translated Udney. Mr. Udney's collection of pictures was very choice; upon his death it was, we believe, dispersed. These cartoons, however, as our readers will no doubt remember, came eventually into the possession of Sir Thomas Lawrence, and were sold, not long since, at Christie's.

An anecdote respecting the Prior of the Monastery, for whom the picture was designed, has been often repeated,—that Leonardo, irritated at this person's senseless exhortations to get on, jestingly told the Duke that he would make him the model for his Judas,—seems to be true enough. But, that he actually put this threat in execution, and that the Prior's head was transmitted as that of Judas to posterity, who except De Piles, and his copyists, can be simple enough to believe? What! a Prior in his own Monastery, where he is almost despotic, suffer his own portrait to remain an object of constant ridicule to the order and to strangers! * * * Cristoforo Giraldi, a man of sound judgment, and a contemporary of Leonardo's, whom I thence esteem the best witness, thus relates the story: "Da Vinci had completed the Redeemer and eleven of the Apostles, as well as the body

of Judas; only the head of this last was wanting. The Prior and his Monks, who thought he delayed too long with this head, complained to the Duke, and he questioned Leonardo. The artist assured the Prince that no day passed in which he did not work at the picture, and that he was constantly meditating upon the Judas, and seeking, amongst the vilest of mankind, for a countenance fitted to express his treacherous heart. But that, if he could find none better, he should be obliged at last to paint the head of the Prior, who left him no peace. At length he found a man with the very face he wanted; he instantly took his likeness, and completed his work."

Count Gallenberg now describes the gradual decay of this splendid painting, and finds, in the circumstances, strong argument for preferring moveable oil pictures to immoveable frescos. These last must always be exposed to disaster; but we should have thought this one of the least imperilled of frescos. The refectory, in which a whole monastery daily assembled at meal times, seemed to be tolerably secure against damp. But, in truth, as our noble biographer observes—

The gnawing tooth of all-consuming time, or the unfitness of its situation, were not so much in fault as the careless ignorance, the paltry malevolence of man. * * At first this painting was the object of universal admiration—was the glory of Leonardo da Vinci. Sixteen years later, in the time of Francis I., it was still so beautiful, so well preserved, that this monarch would have given anything to carry it off to France. Happily his attempts were fruitless.

Armenini, who saw it in the middle of the 16th century, expresses regret at its having already lost half its brilliancy; and if we are to believe the Milanese Lomazzo, the colours faded so rapidly, that the outlines only remained to show the excellence of the drawing. * * *

Cardinal Borromeo laments that only the remains of the Last Supper were to be seen, and observing that the fault was in the wall, from which the mortar or plaster crumbled, he commissioned an able painter to make a copy of it. [Many good copies were fortunately made.]

* * * Scannelli, who saw it in 1642, says, "Of the figures few traces remained, and the naked parts, as heads, feet, and hands, were almost entirely destroyed." In 1652, the Dominicans, seeing it in so deplorable a condition, not only abandoned it to its fate, but did not hesitate to cut off the feet of the Saviour, and of the Apostle nearest him, in order to enlarge the refectory door. * * In 1726, the painter Belotti, after some previous satisfactory experiments, offered to revive the painting. The result of his labours was happy. By a process, which he unfortunately kept secret, he succeeded in breathing, as it were, new life into the faded colours. * * But a few years afterwards, despite all the care and pains then bestowed upon its preservation, the painting relapsed into its previous condition. In 1770 another artist undertook a similar restoration. But, less skilful than his predecessor, his blunders completely ruined the painting; so that, Lanzi says, "there remained but three heads which could possibly be ascribed to Leonardo." For this failure he demanded 500*l.* of the Dominicans. * * Although Napoleon is said to have given the strictest orders to spare this refectory, some cavalry were there quartered, by which the painting finally received its death-blow.

Amoretti, when about to write Leonardo's life, visited the picture. Upon entering the refectory, he went close up to the painting, and could see nothing. He drew back, and from a

* This has been represented as done when the painting was perfect.

distance it seemed less damaged. He then perceived that a mould, or rather an efflorescence of saltpetre, excreted from the wall, covered the picture, as with a white veil, from those who looked at it from below. So that, in fact, the composition of the plaster would seem to be the root of the mischief. This is an evil that modern science might for the future guard against.

We may confirm this melancholy history by the testimony of English travellers. When Richardson saw the painting, seventy or eighty years ago, he described it as ruined, and all the Apostles on the right hand as entirely defaced—and yet it had even then been more than once retouched and restored, been whitewashed and washed clean again. When Barry was in Italy, it was being repainted—he saw the miserable dauber engaged on his work of mischief.

The United States and Canada, in 1832, 1833, and 1834. By C. D. Arfwedson, Esq. London: Bentley.

HERE is a book which has mistaken its latitude—a traveller who has dressed himself in a costume considered pleasing and picturesque, perhaps, at Stockholm or Christiana, but which, to us hard unimaginative English, looks marvellously like a stage garment, fluttering with feathers, and tawdry with tinsel. We speak of the style of this work, because it is all that is new to us: we have heard of weariness of the boarding-houses of New York—the springs and Shakers of Lebanon—the mathematical neatness of Philadelphia—the land-crabs and creoles of New Orleans—the unfinished grandeur of Washington—the miscellaneous throngs which grace the President's levees—the wild doings of the settlers in the western states, and the hard treatment of the slaves in the southern;—to say nothing of corduroy roads—promiscuous towels at inns kept by majors—prairies, clearings, camp-meetings—Indians, and their squaws and canoes—the steam-boats, snags and sawyers of the Mississippi—and the interminable history of the speeches of members of Congress:—we have heard of these till we know all their good or evil by heart;—but we never met with them described in such showery language as by our present traveller. He heads his chapters with mottoes from Ossian, quotes Lord Byron till we pray for deliverance, and *does* all the scenery and humanity of the world over the water, in hues of such intense scarlet, and purple, and yellow, (we must take heed that our sober work-day style does not catch a tinge of their glory,) that the pictures of the brilliant Beckford himself look but faded outlines, scarcely washed with colour, in comparison with the gaudy and high-toned landscapes of Mr. Arfwedson. He begins with a flourish:—

"The southern coast of beautiful England insensibly disappeared before my eyes: from the deck of the American packet, I tried in vain to get a last glimpse of the British Isles. The mantle of night enveloped in obscurity the verdant hills of Cornwall. Adieu to Europe."

Nor does his enthusiasm abate as he proceeds on his voyage: he finds, it is true, the sea more monotonous than land—but it offers an opportunity to say fine things of passing ships and porpoises. Then comes a storm,—and he tells us how the ship "was repulsed by offended masses of water,"—how

"the winds, those proud aristocrats of Ocean, whistled in the air, and, with the aid of the rigging, performed a most discordant concert;" and by way of climax, after a grandiloquent burst about Enceladus and Mount Etna—but here is the passage:—

"The ship rolled the whole time from side to side; and, whenever she changed position, her timbers creaked as when Enceladus turns himself under the weight of Mount Etna. Trunks, carpet-bags, dressing-cases, and desks, were displaced and knocked against each other each time she heaved about. Woe to him who happened to be in their way!"

But as the voyage throughout is sung in strains no less sublime, we must bring the traveller at once on shore. He arrived at New York at an unlucky time, the cholera having just appeared there,—makes his first quotation from Lord Byron in describing the American pilot,—gives a long extract from Knickerbocker's delightful History,—and winds up the chapter with a lament for the decay of the race of the red men.

Mr. Arfwedson's spirits rise on land: he moralizes, too, as well as indulges in poetical flights,—remarking "that each country has its customs," and so forth. A rhapsody under a tree, by the side of the Hudson, must be left, as well as a summary of the evil deeds of the cholera, which is epigrammatic even to sternness; for we must go up the Hudson with our traveller, who remembers Ichabod Crane at the proper place, and gives us a tradition of the Highlands, and a storm—one act of which we present to our friends:—

"All Nature trembled at the awful perspective, and all that had life on shore hastened to take shelter in grottoes and crevices. Fireflies, which shone and disappeared more rapidly than thought could follow them, ceased to show their brilliancy against the green trees; even these trifling insects, which lightning could hardly strike, felt awe at the storm, and went to rest. Every animal seemed to take shelter in some hiding place: to man alone it was reserved to defy the united attacks of the elements, and to venture a look towards the agitated heavens."

There was abundance of thunder and lightning in the west, which, it appears, for a time, had matters its own way.

"But in the East a storm was also gathering. Jealous of the conquests of the West, it rose from a long rest, to dispute the ascendancy assumed by the latter. A few unexpected flashes from the opposite shore announced the commencement of hostilities; the West, offended at the temerity of its antagonist, advanced at once with its whole artillery, determined to crush, by a few effectual discharges, its slowly advancing adversary. The conflict was dreadful: each minute added to its obstinacy and fury. Often did I presume that preliminaries of peace had been concluded between the contending parties, but the next moment I was convinced to the contrary. From summit to summit—from rock to rock—the thunder roared, and each stone seemed to re-echo it. It was a concert; an accompaniment of various instruments, like a complete orchestra, which I could faint attempt to describe. Rain fell in torrents; the whole was awful and imposing in the extreme, and characteristic of those sudden tempests or storms which so often visit the Western hemisphere. It was only after two hours' hard fighting that the contest ceased between the belligerents above, and victory declared in favour of the West, by the appearance of a beautiful blue sky, and a few stars glittering over the field of battle. The beaten legions of the East

retreated in haste, pursued by the elated victors, who put them in confusion. Their triumphant shouts gradually gave way, and, when I shortly afterwards looked up, not a cloud could be seen; the whole firmament was covered with brilliant stars."

We must really take breath after the termination of this melodrama, and make a long skip, in spite of a remarkable tale of a remarkable tree, "whose leaves playfully chatted with the summer breeze," and a guide's story of a rattlesnake hunter, which is worthy of being done at Astley's, "with the real reptiles." The traveller soon after remarks profoundly, that the Sparta, Rome, Utica, Syracuse, he visited in the Union, had no resemblance in situation to the old cities after which they were named, and gives us an elaborate picture of the Shakers, done in his most highly finished style. Here is a specimen, taken a few pages further on, of one of his pictures from real life—the persons on the scene being Mr. Arfwedson and the locksmith of Springfield:—

"My landlord knew I came from Europe, though not from what part; but, on being apprized of the country that gave me birth, he exclaimed with joy, whilst emptying a glass of cider, 'From Sweden! From the land of the honest and the brave! I should amazingly like to get better acquainted with that country. The inhabitants of the Scandinavian Peninsula, they say, are a hardy race. In this opinion I fully coincide; for a country producing such excellent iron as Sweden must also necessarily be the abode of good people. Tell me what is the name of your actual President?' I acquainted him with our form of government.

" 'Well,' rejoined he, 'every nation has its own opinions in similar matters; what suits one country and one people does not suit another. For my part, I am not fitted to live under the rule of royalty; let us therefore drop the subject, and drink to the health of our absent friends.' This was done. Who could possibly have thought that this individual was a mere locksmith, brought up to the trade from infancy, and who had never emigrated further than a few miles from Springfield?"

Then follows a long account of the different religious sects of America, and afterwards one of those dialogues illustrative of Yankee inquisitiveness which any steam-engine would turn out at the rate of a score a minute; then, returning again to Boston, we have Byron's exquisite lines to the Grotto of Egeria made to do duty for Jamaica Pond; and, after being conducted through a variety of heterogeneous matters, (nothing being too great or too small for our author's notice, whether it be Mr. Quincy Adams, the wonderful sea-serpent, or a terrible high wind which blew people's hats off,) we find ourselves once more in New York,—to say the truth, glad to sit down and rest awhile.

From that city, and its statistics, we pass on to Philadelphia, which Mr. Arfwedson calls a coquettish city, because she takes peculiar care of her appearance. We may now be permitted to wonder why we hear nothing of society or manners, either in his account of this city or Baltimore. At the latter place, however, he attended to see the remains of Mr. Carroll, of Carrollton, lying in state,—and his account is curious, if true, as showing us how they manage these things in America.

"I fully anticipated witnessing a funeral different from the ordinary ones in America. We Europeans take it as a thing of course that

the obsequies of a great man should be in proportion to his character. My residence in the United States had then been too short for me to imbibe other notions. When, therefore, informed that the body of the deceased was to lie in state, that the public authorities were to attend it to the last place of rest, and that even the President and the Secretary of State were expected from Washington, to follow in the procession, I naturally concluded that the whole ceremony would be conducted upon a scale of magnificence similar to what is observed with us. Under this impression, I proceeded to the residence of the deceased. Two staves covered with black crape were placed at the entrance of the house, and in front of it, half a dozen black women were playing as if nothing had happened. Their mirth and wild gestures actually excited my anger before I entered the gate; but this was a mere prelude to the indecorous, I may almost add, scandalous scene I subsequently witnessed in the room containing the remains of the great patriot.

"The body was wrapped in a blue morning gown, and laid on a simple bed, in the middle of an apartment, which had probably been a parlour in the life-time of the owner. The bed was covered with a white sheet, overhanging the sides. Round it, were four tapers burning, and at the head a crucifix, to shew that the deceased was of the Roman Catholic faith. The room bore not the slightest indications of mourning: all moveable furniture had been taken away; but curtains of the gayest colours were left, and produced a strange contrast to the silent victim of death, but a few paces distant. I found the room filled with spectators, the greater part of whom appeared to be Americans. They crowded round the body, and pushed each other, at the same time uttering reproaches, and laughing. For a long while I could not get near; but I felt indignant at witnessing a scene of merriment, and on hearing unbecoming observations close to the bier of a departed fellow creature. They went even so far as to examine the morning-gown, to touch the lifeless body, and to place their hands on the forehead. I shuddered at this levity, and turned round in hopes of seeing some person belonging to the house, who could put a stop to these improprieties. I soon found an individual, appointed to superintend on the occasion—and, as long as he remained near the deceased, none dared touch him; but his presence did not silence the indecorous language and laughter, which continued all the time that I was in the room."

At Richmond, the burning of the theatre makes his Pegasus give a kick extra. Here is his account of the catastrophe:—

"On the same place where the church and the monument now stand was formerly a theatre, where the first and most enlightened society in Virginia once found an agreeable recreation. A play was performed on that very evening, the name of which I cannot recollect, but which was extremely popular at the time. Many of the first families in town attended the performance: the house was filled with all the talent, beauty, virtue, and knowledge, that Richmond could boast of. In the midst of the performance, at the moment perhaps when the feelings of the audience were excited to the highest pitch—for thus Fate often sports with men—a loud cry of 'Fire!' was heard. Panic-stricken, the whole assembly rushed towards the doors; but—great God! shall I continue to describe the last act of this tragic scene? Enough—they met the flames at the entrance—few ventured to brave them—some flocked together—their piercing cries and lamentations reaching even the ears of friends and relatives who had remained at home—smoke and flames enveloped the house sooner than could have been expected—a low murmur was heard from the interior of the

building—relatives and friends rushed frantically to the spot—a thunder-crash suddenly drowned the roaring of the fire and the crackling of the beams—the smoke took another direction, as if in fear—a single immeasurable flame rose towards the dark heavens, and its light was more than sufficient to show to the horror-stricken multitude that walls and roof had irretrievably buried the unfortunate victims in their ruins."

Enough: we fear, indeed, that we may have drawn too largely upon our traveller, for the patience of some of our readers. One grave word, however, we must say in parting from him—that he has done his own good feelings injustice in writing his experiences in English. It is very possible, that what we have smiled at, as stilted, and over-coloured, may be regarded as enthusiastic and legitimate by his countrymen; and it is certainly true, that there is not a line of his book, which, for any sentiment it contains, he need blush to acknowledge, either in London or Stockholm.

OUR LIBRARY TABLE.

'*Marston; a Tale, 3 vols., by a Lady.*'—There is sufficient variety of incident in this story to satisfy a veteran novel-reader; premising that we use the word in its primitive, and not its most extended sense; and, as if the plot were not sufficient in itself to keep attention alive, it is interwoven with many episodes, and enlivened with sketches of foreign scenery and manners. If we, for our own particular taste, require a fiction to contain something of mind, as well as of adventure, it may be that much experience of this class of ephemera has rendered us fastidious; for we can remember the days when we should have followed the fortunes of the two heroes and three heroines of this tale with eager interest, and hardly stayed to look at what we now consider its best portions—the episodes and descriptive passages which it contains. The story turns upon the struggles of passion in the breast of Marston, who is a priest, and the fatal consequences of his unsuccessful love, to those of the second, and even the third generation. This, as will readily be believed, is too strong a subject for a female hand to grapple with: to have worked out the plot of this novel thoroughly, would have required scenes and situations which no woman could, and, without any over-precision, we doubt whether any man should write; and accordingly, we are not surprised to find the passion and the crime which it contains, portrayed with a much feebler and less decided pencil, than the one which has given us pictures of the life and scenery of Naples, and of the gaieties of the far-famed Congress of Vienna—the progress of the story leading us both through Italy and Germany. We must also say, that the first volume is so inferior to the others, that we could easily imagine it the work of another hand. Some of the *historiettes* introduced are the best things in the book. The legend of the 'Fatal Cap' is told with spirit, and 'Leonore Gellert' with great delicacy.

'*Vaughan on the Corruptions of Christianity.*'—Professor Vaughan was deservedly chosen to deliver the second series of the Congregational Lectures; but we think he was unfortunate in the choice of a subject—

Incedit per ignes
Suppositos cuerni dolos.

In spite of himself he was compelled to advocate the peculiar opinions of a sect, and to describe as corruptions, the doctrine and the discipline of many of his fellow Christians and brother Protestants. He has, however, trod lightly on this tender ground, and dwelt with more satisfaction on the general principles, in which all

Christians are agreed. His great object is to prove, that the genuine purity of Christianity was not altogether lost in the cloud of human devices by which it was obscured; and he carefully investigates the causes of error, and points out the paths that lead to truth. In the controversial parts of the volume, there is no appearance of sectarian bitterness, but there is sometimes a tone of boldness and haughty defiance, not unlikely to produce a warm reply. The examination of the effects produced on Christianity, by the influence of gentile Philosophy, is equally remarkable for learning and discrimination, though we think that scarcely sufficient importance is attached to the condition of society in Alexandria, which has been justly called "the mart for exchanging the creeds and the commerce of the East and West."

'*King Arthur and his Round Table*.'—['*König Arthur und seine Tafel Rund.*']—The lovers of Chivalric glories, and the believers in the superior virtue of olden times, will rejoice to learn, that Germany has produced a champion of those long calumniated ladies, Queen Guenever and the fair Isolde. August Bürck has just published a lyrical drama, entitled 'King Arthur and his Round Table,' written apparently for the especial purpose of vindicating the fair fame of those victims of pristine scandal. He clearly proves that Isolde, although she was in love with Sir Tristram,—as indeed how could she help it, after the unlucky mistake about the love philtre?—never even dreamed of violating her nuptial vow, but really was a pattern-wife to cross, stupid, jealous, and unfaithful, old King Mark; whilst Guenever was the fondest, as well as the truest of Queens, to good King Arthur. Nay, Sir Lancelot himself, it should seem, much as he admired his sovereign lady, entertained no thought detrimental to his master's honour. We, for our own part, are well pleased to find, that there has been so much more virtue in the world than we knew of, and only regret that it is all dead and gone.

'*Apropos of Husbands*.'—['*Maritalement parlant*'], by M. de Cobentzell.'—This book is an impertinence,—clever, conceited, and immoral; another cynical quibble against Matrimony. The whole artillery of the writer is directed against married men in middle and high life. There are five tales; in which five deceived husbands bear with admirable composure and amiability, the weight of their disastrous situation. One of those *maris-modèles* is a Sous-Prefet, another a rich merchant, a third a member of the Chamber of Deputies; indeed, every one of them belongs to the now influential classes of French society. We shut the book in disgust.

'*Almanach de Gotha pour l'Année 1835.*'—This venerable calendar of diplomacy, now in the 72nd year of its age, contains as usual the official lists of all the courts in Europe, from Russia down to the most insignificant of the German states, and will therefore hold its accustomed popularity in official circles. But we notice it merely to extract the account given of Halley's Comet, which has the great merit of being at once brief and satisfactory:—

"Until the days of Newton and Halley, it was generally believed, that comets were unorganized bodies, and though this theory had been assailed by philosophical arguments, its fallacy had not been demonstrated by experience. Halley was the first to discover, that a comet, which appeared in his time (A.D. 1682), had described round the sun, an orbit very exactly coinciding with the calculated orbits of the comets that had been observed in 1607 and 1532; he thence inferred, that these were three appearances of the same comet, and was confirmed in his opinion by discovering that in 1205, 1380, and 1456, that is, at intervals of about 75 or 76 years, comets had appeared, which, as far as could be determined from the

imperfect descriptions, had traversed the same orbit.—Halley explained the difference of a year in the periodic time, by the effect produced on comets, by the attractive forces of the larger planets. He also predicted, that the comet's next return would be delayed by the action of Jupiter, near which planet it would pass, and that it would not reach its perihelion before the close of 1758 or the spring of 1759. It actually reached its perihelion in March, 1759, and thus proved the accuracy of Halley's calculations.—Since that time the orbit of this comet, usually called Halley's, has been carefully calculated by several astronomers. Its mean distance from the sun appears to be somewhat more than 18 semi-diameters of the earth's orbit, (nearly the same as the planet Herschel,) but during its aphelion, this distance is doubled. Its greatest distance from the sun is about 61 times its least, (consequently its perihelion is rather less than that of the planet Venus.) The comet will on this occasion complete its revolution in 76 years, and reach its perihelion on Nov. 1st, 1835. * * * Though the comet has varied very much in its appearances, as regards its brilliancy, the length and form of its tail &c., still it has been found to diminish gradually. We cannot determine under what form it will appear next year, but it will probably be less brilliant than in 1759. If its light be not too feeble, it will appear during the month of August, in the East, about midnight, and must be looked for in the constellation *Taurus*. It will move so very slowly, that it will not have reached *Gemini* before the middle of September, when it will be visible for a great part of the night. Following a north-east course, it will reach *Lyra* early in October, when on account of its great northern declination, it will be nearly in our zenith, and will neither rise nor set. Afterwards its motions will be more rapid, so that about the 6th of October, it will have passed *Ursa Major*, and on the 11th, will be below *Corona Borealis*, and only visible in the morning, and for a short time in the evening. After the 21st of October it will not be visible in the morning, and will set early in the evening. In the month of November, it will be seen for a short time at sunset, and will then disappear. In the month of December it will re-appear on the western side of the sun, and be visible for a short time in the morning."

If our readers are surprised, that an account of the comet should appear in this statesman's manual, as the Gotha Almanack is called, we have to remind them, that this celestial visitor is a very important political personage, who was accused, in the sixteenth century, of entering into a conspiracy with the Turks, for the destruction of Christendom, and was therefore, in company with the Sultan, excommunicated by the Pope, and prayed against in the churches.

'*Moffatt's Book of Science*. 2nd Series.'—This is a worthy sequel to the first series, to the great merit of which we borewilling testimony last year. The subjects treated of in the present volume are Chemistry and the branches of science most intimately connected with it. Great pains appear to have been taken to collect accurate and recent information on the several topics discussed, and we notice with pleasure the use made by the author of our report of the late meeting of the British Association at Edinburgh. The style is simple and familiar, without degenerating into triviality; every subject is fully discussed, and a better manual of chemical science could not be placed in the hands of youth. The wood-cuts are admirably executed; Baxter's specimen of printing in colours represents the forms and appearances of the clouds, with all the accuracy, and much of the effect, of a water-colour drawing.

'*The Day-Dreamer: a Poem*, by Vigilus Sonnoza.'—This is another of the *Don Juan*-isms,

with which small wits try to startle the world—and about the worst we have seen. Its author (by way of specimen) talks of "the flaxen days of childhood," and "nature sculpturing the expression of a howl!" on the mouth of a cavern! 'Leigh's Picture of London'—'Kearsley's Tax Tables.'—New editions of very useful works.

'*The Metropolitan Ecclesiastical Directory*.'—The name explains the nature of this work; how far it is likely to be useful, must be determined by those for whose use it is intended.

ORIGINAL PAPERS

LIFE.

BY THE LATE REV. C. C. COLTON.

[The following poem has been kindly transmitted to us by a gentleman to whom the writer was well known. "Circumstances," he observes, "add much to its interest;—having been written but a short time previous to his death, and while labouring under that strong excitement of mind occasioned by the decision of his medical advisers, that he must undergo an operation; rather than submit to which, it is generally believed that he committed suicide."]

How long shall man's imprisoned spirit groan
'Twixt doubt of heaven and deep distress of earth?

Where all worth knowing never can be known,
And all that can be known, alas! is nothing worth.

Untaught by saint, by cynic, or by sage,
And all the spoils of time that load their shelves,

We do not quit, but change our joys in age—
Joys framed to stifle thought, and lead us from ourselves.

The drug, the cord, the steel, the flood, the flame,
Turmoil of action, tedium of rest,
And lust of change, though for the worst,
Proclaim

How dull life's banquet is—how ill at ease
The guest.

Known were the bill of fare before we taste,
Who would not spurn the banquet and the board—

Prefer th' eternal, but oblivious fast,
To life's frail-fretted thread, and death's suspended sword?

He that the topmost stone of Babel plann'd,
And he that braved the crater's boiling bed—
Did these a clearer, closer view command
Of heaven or hell, we ask, than the blind herd they led?

Or he that in Valdarno did prolong
The Night, her rich star-studded page to read—

Could he point out, 'midst all that brilliant throng,
His fixed and final home, from fleshy thralldom freed?

Minds that have scann'd Creation's vast domain,
And secrets solved, till then to sages seal'd,
Whilst Nature own'd their intellectual reign
Extinct, have *nothing* known, or *nothing* have revealed.

Devouring grave! we might the less deplore
Th' extinguish'd lights that in thy darkness dwell,

Wouldst thou, from that lost zodiac, *one* restore,
That might th' enigma solve, and Doubt,
Man's tyrant, quell.

To live in darkness—in despair to die—
Is this indeed the boon to mortals given?
Is there no port—no rock of refuge nigh?
There is—to those who fix their anchor-hope
In Heaven.

Turn then, O man! and cast all else aside;
Direct thy wandering thoughts to things
above—

Low at the Cross bow down—in that confide,
Till doubt be lost in faith, and bliss secured
in love.

NATIONAL ARCHIVES OF FRANCE.

Discovery of the celebrated work of Abelard, 'Sic et Non,' for which he was condemned by the Council of Sens in 1140.

THE interesting report of M. Guizot, Minister of Public Instruction, in which is given a detailed account of the plan proposed to be followed, in order to carry into effect the noble undertaking to which we some time since alluded, namely, the search after and publication of documents relative to the History of France, has just been published, and we proceed at once to give a translation of it, with some few and unimportant curtailments.

M. Guizot states, that so far back as November 1833, he had applied to the different Prefects, for precise and detailed particulars relative to the state of the public libraries and archives in their respective departments, as well as to the manuscripts which they might contain. Some curious documents had been, in consequence, brought to light. He has also placed himself in communication with the Academies and learned Societies established in the departments, and a committee has been formed, specially intrusted with the direction of all the details relative to this vast undertaking. It has met several times, under the Presidency of M. Guizot, and, thanks to the enlightened assistance of its members, some idea can already be formed as to the results that may be arrived at.

The object in view is to discover any and every document which can throw light upon the manners and social condition of France, at every period of her history. Considerable difficulty has naturally been encountered. In Paris and a few other cities, there are archives methodically classed; but, everywhere else, all is in confusion. An immense number of precious manuscripts, &c. which had been carefully preserved in ancient monasteries, châteaux, or the archives of *communes*, were at the time of the revolution delivered up to pillage and devastation. Heaps of parchments and papers were then thrown into lofts or deserted chambers; and even their removal was forgotten in many places. Hence, the opinion generally entertained at the time that all had perished, has become a tradition in many departments. It is, nevertheless, certain, that a considerable portion of the ancient archives may yet be recovered, especially in cities which were the seats of archbishopricks, and of provincial parliaments.

There is in the Bibliothèque Royale at Paris, a general inventory of all the archives which were in existence in France before the revolution. This will serve as a basis for the preliminary investigations.

The results hitherto obtained, are the discovery in the Bibliothèque of Besançon, of the papers of Cardinal Perrenot de Granvelle, who was Prime Minister of Charles V. This vast collection contains the correspondence of that Minister, notes of his agents, and all the documents relative to his administration in the Low Countries and in the kingdom of Naples.

The rich and precious archives of the ancient Courts of Flanders are preserved at Lille: they contain documents dated so far back as the eleventh century.

The remains of the ancient archives of Roussillon are preserved at Perpignan: they contain some interesting details relating to the history of that province, and the relations of the Kings of France with those of England.

At Poitiers, the archives of the ancient province of Aquitaine are deposited.

The researches in the Bibliothèque of Paris are in full activity, and promise important results. A collection of curious notes has already been discovered, in the handwriting of Cardinal Mazarin, relative to the daily incidents of his conduct during the wars of the Fronde.

After the peace of 1763, M. De Bréquigny

was sent to London, to take copies of all the documents in the Tower, which might have reference to the history of France. The originals of several of these documents have since been lost. M. Guizot has ordered the copies to be carefully examined.

The establishment of the "Archives Générales du Royaume" will also supply a number of unconnected documents, well calculated to throw light upon the most obscure points of French history.

The archives of the Foreign Office, which are well arranged, form a historical dépôt, remarkable for the abundance and the value of its documents. Those of the War Office will be consulted simultaneously with the above, and the particulars derived from these two sources will be carefully compared. The naval archives will also be consulted.

M. Guizot then points out a recent discovery, possessing a high interest for those who devote themselves to the study of philosophy and of its history—the manuscript of the celebrated work of Abelard, entitled, '*Oui et Non*,' (*Sic et Non*), just discovered in the Bibliothèque at Avranches. This work, which was thought to be irreparably lost, is that which caused the condemnation of Abelard, by the Council of Sens, in 1140. M. Cousin is to superintend its publication.

A complete inventory *raisonné* is forthwith to be prepared, of the documents of all kinds, and of all periods, which have existed or still exist in France.

FOREIGN CORRESPONDENCE.

Munich.

As to the arts here, my last was rather brief than pregnant on architecture, and I do not feel much desire to be discursive upon the other two. After Italy, Bavaria is but a bleak pasture in this respect, as well as most others. Yet Munich may be called the hot-house of the arts in Germany. Forced plants are in truth not rare; the rarities are, as might be expected from a hot-house, plants of natural vigour and beauty. Among the sculptors, none but Schwanthaler struck me as exhibiting genius beyond that of a village-wonder: common tomb-stone dexterity of chisel, just sufficient to carve a pair of chub-faces crying marbles at each end of a corpse, and Mother Pity between them, in her usual pickle of salt tears, as *per recipe*. Schwanthaler has a St. John, St. Luke, and St. Mark, of considerable merit: his design is in general good; composition simple and expressive, but, of course, (being German,) aping the antique too openly; execution rather coarse, unfelt, and superficial. But I promised to speak of Cornelius and the frescos of the Glyptothek; indeed, I purposely reserved the former till after having seen his works here, as those at Rome could give me no adequate idea of his merits. Cornelius is yet a higher name than Overbeck,—perhaps the very highest, in German art, as to painting. Witness the King of Bavaria having ordered from his pencil a 'Last Judgment,' for the new church of Munich; a fresco too as large as Michael Angelo's, that is to say, high and wide as the end-wall of a Catholic temple. Here was an opportunity, a precious and a rare one, to cope with Michael himself, if not confound him. A painter of true genius, having the angelic spirit of religion to sustain him, whilst Michael is dragged down by the Demon of the Pit—a painter of true genius, even in these degenerate days, might have had some pretensions to attempt a second 'Last Judgment,' without subjecting himself to the charge of egregious presumption, or the chance of ridiculous failure. He had but to follow the wheel-track of fortune, that ran over a golden vein. Potent and portentous a thing as is the work of Buonarroti, the space lies open still for a Day of Judgment, in the pure regions

of the Christian sublime, in the vast of Apocalyptic transcendence. Why should we *dantesque* the subject again? That has been done already, in a style, moreover, by us at least, unreachable. Yet what does Mein Herr Cornelius? After the true spirit of German imitation, (why should this great people be so desperately servile, such madmen in chains?) he *grotesques the grotesque* of Michael Angelo!—gives us the old, vulgar, horn-and-tail of Hell, which nothing but the omnipotent hand of Michael could sanctify—gives it to us with every defect in caricature, every merit in miniature!—ay! even to Minos, with his serpent girdle and his ass's ears! Now only think of such an insult to the spirit of this rationalizing age, perpetrated by a first-rate artist, and patronized by a people vain-gloriously religious,—imbued, they boast, with the purest, sublimest, metaphysic of the christian belief! Grinning furies, grimacing sinners, claws, cloven hoofs, rake teeth, lappet ears—surely we have had enough of this baboon sublimity. 'Tis but another step to pitchforks and red-hot pincers. You think I am describing the frescos in burnt-stick of a Bedlamite, that do not merit even the compliment of condemnation: no, Cornelius is a man of power, of some intellectuality—this very cartoon is full of both. O, that a voice more impressive than mine would ring in his ears—"Balderdash! rub out the diabolical part of your design, and depict sinners in the moral sublime of their anguish." This should be the spirit of a Last Judgment, if done now-a-days: there is diabolism enough in our hearts still, but not in our religious philosophy.

As to composition, have you ever played, when a good boy, at geographical joinery—making out a map of the world with little bits of wooden mosaic? Just like Cornelius's, and most German composition in painting: here a bit of Raphael, there of Michael, there of Albert Durer, Leonardo, Luini, Frate Angelico, &c. Again, in costume, the Germans are often more old-fashioned than the old masters themselves. This, I beg leave to observe, is going back not to what the old masters selected as the best, but left for a better. Is it because Perugino painted the Madonna in a mob-cap, or Francia the Holy Family enthroned between the jambs of a doorway, with three tufts of nettle for a landscape, that we are to do so? It may be very true, that these *naïve* works are better than those in a more advanced style—but not on account of their mob-caps and tufts of nettle. As Cornelius himself judiciously observed, "we must be at once ancient and modern." Let us adopt the great general principles of the art followed by Raphael, but not the local and temporary customs, for Raphael himself, if he lived now, would forsake them. As to design, while the French seems to be formed on statues, and therefore stiff, the German appears taken from pictures, and therefore superficial—not enough living model in either, to give flexibility in the first case and relief in the latter. That fault begins to be corrected by the former. Cornelius is a masterly draughtsman in his way; his bounding lines are swept with amazing boldness and dexterity. But to me it seems that, like Overbeck and his other compatriots, by way of attaining great breadth of design, he becomes vacant. To acquire the largeness and noble sinuosity of Raphael's outline is one thing; to acquire, with it, the subtle power of internal modelling, the secret of shadowing out undulations by half tints, still preserving breadth and greatness, one far more difficult. Cornelius's Judgment is still, as I said, in cartoon; it may be amended before committing it to fresco; and, of course, I cannot give you from it any idea of the artist's colouring. This, however, I am enabled to do by his frescos at the Glyptothek, some of which he himself painted. Better if these too were in cartoon; colouring quite so bad, never

threw French dilettanti into raptures at an *exposition*. But the Germans will tell you, that colouring is of no consequence,—indeed, a contemptible quality; that Raphael, Michael, &c., were not fine colourists. Granted; and when you, Messrs. Cornelius, &c. are Raphaels and Michaels, we may dispense with good colouring; till then, it is intolerable presumption, your thinking you can do without it. What I have said above of the 'Last Judgment,' applies pretty well to the frescos of the Glyptothek; sterile extravagance mingled with forms here and there of quiet beauty, and I may add, a good deal of deep sentiment, of pure and genuine expressiveness, when no attempt is made at the sublime. You have seen an engraving of the 'Orpheus,' in the original *lunette* you would scarce see as much to admire, so repulsive is the colouring and chiaroscuro. It is, however, by far the best of these frescos, many of which are by Professors Zimmerman, Schlotthauer, and others, in a style that renders them a very importunate substitute for whitewash on the walls. They are positively offensive. Prof. Schnorr is painting in fresco, a wing of the Königsbau, with illustrations from the Lied of the Nibelungen. He is thought by his countrymen a sort of Raphael to Michael Angelo Cornelius, and has certainly more grace, with less grandeur, if that be ground enough for the comparison. And why, indeed, should not two mice have the same relative proportions as two megatheriums? There is what they call a *Kunstverein* [art-union] here, a sort of perpetual exhibition, but confined to subscribers, who purchase the select works of painting and sculpture exhibited, for which they *raffle* at appointed times. By this means, a good deal of encouragement is given to artists, and the rooms of subscribers decently adorned at little cost.

OUR WEEKLY GOSSIP ON LITERATURE AND ART.

On Wednesday, being the 65th anniversary of the foundation of the Royal Academy, the medals were awarded to the successful candidates:—to Mr. G. Sayer, in the school of painting; Mr. J. Walsh for studies from the life; Mr. J. Johnson in Architecture; Mr. E. Leigh for the best drawing from the Antique, and to Mr. G. A. Bool for a model. The President, as usual, addressed the students, and very judiciously directed their attention to the study of the human figure, perfection in designing which was, he observed, the only thing wanting to enable British artists to rival the works of the more celebrated masters of antiquity, and raise them to an undisputed pre-eminence among modern nations.

While on this subject, we may refer to the following Table, which is professedly taken from returns made to the House of Commons.—There are five Professors in the Royal Academy; viz. those of Anatomy, Perspective, Architecture, Sculpture, and Painting; each of whom is to deliver six lectures annually. The number of lectures delivered in the Academy during the last ten years is as follows:—

	1824	1825	1826	1827	1828	1829	1830	1831	1832	1833	Total	Deficient.
Anatomy	6	6	6	6	6	6	6	6	6	6	60	0
Perspective	6	1	6	6	6	6	6	6	6	6	50	40
Architecture	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	18
Sculpture	6	1	3	3	5	6	6	6	6	6	48	12
Painting	6	0	1	6	6	6	6	6	6	6	43	17
											199	77

Or, by the four Academician Professors—delivered 129, instead of 240,—deficiency, 111. Thus, says the correspondent, who has drawn out this table, and printed it for distribution, whilst, under the pretext of bad sight, ill health, death, and resignation, the Academicians com-

† Given by substitute.

pound their accounts with the students, for 531 per cent., gentlemen whose more important avocations might well excuse occasional absence, have not omitted one lecture in ten years. This is the first inquiry made by Parliament; and the result is, that for six years not one lecture on Perspective has been delivered within the walls of the Academy; that, during a still longer period, the infirmities of the Professor of Architecture put a stop to instruction in that department, which has been re-opened by substitute; that, ultimately, even with this irregular mode of proceeding, four Academician Professorships have, in ten years, produced only 129 lectures, instead of 240.

We have lately seen with pleasure and admiration, Miniatures of Lord Brougham and of Paganini, by Mr. S. Lover, the author of 'Legends and Stories of Ireland,' but an artist by profession, and lately settled in London. The style of these works is singularly free from that *petitesse*, and China-line smoothness, which so often make likenesses on that scale insipid, and yet at the same time they are characterized by rich and careful finishing.

The members of the Institute of British Architects have recently had several meetings, for the purpose of completing the formation of the Institution, and bringing it into operation. At the two last the following elections took place: Vice Presidents—Messrs. Gwilt, Kay, and P. F. Robinson; Secretaries—Messrs. Donaldson and Goldie; Members of the Council—Messrs. Barry, Bassevi, Burton, Fowler, Kendall, Papworth, and Rhodes. The other members of the Society are Messrs. Angell, Beazley, Bellamy, Blore, Chawner, Cresy, Good, Hardwick, W. Mountague, Mylne, Newman, Parker, Pilkington, Poynter, Savage, G. Smith, and George Taylor. Fifteen other gentlemen were proposed as members, and are to be balloted for at a subsequent meeting.

There are few more striking illustrations of the present march of intellect, or of the direction of that march, than the recent increase of periodical literature in the long stationary, or rather retrograde kingdom of the two Sicilies. Within these four years, two *Journals* fully satisfied Neapolitan curiosity; at this moment we are credibly informed that *thirty* are published; of these several are literary and scientific.

We understand that the ethical portion of Kant's 'Transcendental Philosophy,' his 'Kritik der praktischen Vernunft,' or critical canons of practical reason, is likely soon to appear in an English garb.

Perhaps few things could more strikingly illustrate the real enthusiasm for ancient national literature, now prevalent in Germany, than what we found in a *programme*, of last session's lectures, at the University of Göttingen, which lately fell into our hands. The far-famed, learned philologist, Dr. Jacob Grimm, therein announced, and, we understand, actually delivered, a very long course upon the *Nibelungen Lied*; or, Lay of the Nibelungs; a sort of regular German epic poem, upon the crimes, sufferings, and extermination of the Nibelung family, written towards the end of the 12th, or beginning of the 13th century, and in language far more difficult, because more essentially different from that of our times, than Chaucer's, or shall we say, Robert of Gloucester's, or even Cædmon's. We shall rejoice, but wonder likewise, if the Cambridge Anglo-Saxon Professorship of Mr. John Kemble, answers as well to him, as this course of lectures upon a single old poem, to Dr. Jacob Grimm.

In our last week's notice of the periodicals, we gave precedence to the *Monthlies*—their Quarterly brethren could better afford to stand over. The *Foreign*, which is here before us, has some excellent papers, one on the life of Fre-

deric the Great, another on the Polynesian, or East Insular languages, and on the Russian Government and Administration; and amongst other lighter essays, pleasant articles on Madame Duvant's strange but clever novels.—'On the Arabian Tales of the Cheikh al Mohdy,' which we had the pleasure of lately introducing to our readers, and on M. le Vicomte d'Arincourt's 'Le Brasseur Roi,' which is skilfully compared with our own countryman's 'Philip Van Artevelde,' a tale of the same period, and a work of as much quiet and genuine power, as the former appears to be of melo-dramatic extravagance.

SCIENTIFIC AND LITERARY

ROYAL GEOGRAPHICAL SOCIETY.

Dec. 8.—The Right Hon. Sir George Murray, President of the Society, in the chair. A letter was read, addressed by Capt. Back to Mr. Barrow, detailing the results of his magnetical observations at Fort Reliance, from which it appeared that he had found the needle affected by even the slightest appearance of Aurora Borealis in the air.

Afterwards a very interesting communication was read, addressed by Mr. Douglas, botanist, to Capt. Sabine, and dated Whooah, Sandwich Islands, 3rd of May last. It contained an account of three journeys which he had made in succession to the summits of Mowna Kaah, Kirauea, and Mowna Roa, remarkable volcanic craters in that group.

The ascent of Mowna Kaah is at first gentle, and the first four miles are generally cultivated; the elevation above the sea, where this tract terminates, being about 1,500 feet. Then commences a densely wooded country, principally covered with varieties of acacia, which attain a great size, and of which the native canoes are made. The underwood is tree fern, rising from four to forty feet high, and covered with an endless variety of other ferns quite to the top. This region ascends to 8,700 feet above the sea, and is crossed with great labour and difficulty by tangled paths, frequently cut by deep ravines and precipitous mountain torrents. It terminates abruptly, without any sensible diminution either of the size or denseness of the standing wood; and a gramineous region, which succeeds it for about 3,000 feet, is not connected with the volcanic region above by a link of cryptogamous plants, as usual in the mountains of Europe and America. A small species of *vaccinium*, some *compositæ*, and a small alpine *Juncus*, were the last plants seen; they grew at about 12,000 feet. At 12,700 feet a vast elevated table land is attained, covered with sand, gravel, and stones, with scorie and ashes, to the depth of several feet; and from this rise eleven peaks, all tranquil when Mr. Douglas visited them. There was at this time also little snow on the mountain, though the season was winter; in summer it is usually quite clear.

The crater of Kirauea is at a much lower level than this, being only 3,975 feet above the level of the sea; but presents one of the most extraordinary phenomena in nature. It is not a peak, or elevation, but a prodigious sunken pit, or orifice, on the east flank of the mountain of Mowna Roa, which, as we shall presently see, is also an active volcano at its extreme summit, more than 14,000 feet above the level of the sea. The chasm of Kirauea (the same which is called the volcano of Peli, in the voyage of the *Blonde*, during which Lord Byron and his officers also visited it,) is an opening of about five miles square, and about 1,000 feet deep, with almost perpendicular sides, down which, however, to a black ledge placed about fifty feet above the level of its active mouths, it is possible to scramble. The view when there, Mr. Douglas describes as one of the most awful and terrific in nature; two lakes of lava, in an almost constant

state of ebullition, are situate one towards the south-west, the other towards the northern extremity. The former is about 1,200 yards long, of a nearly oval form; the other almost circular, with a diameter of about 400 yards. The lava in both is in a constant flow from north to south, at the rate of three miles and a quarter per hour; and its masses are seen thus hurried along, and rolled and twisted into every possible shape, from large blocks to a species of spun glass, fine as human hair, which is driven by the wind in quantities all round the crater. The outlet, or rather supposed outlet, for this unceasing flow of lava is elsewhere said by Mr. Douglas to be on the east coast of the island, at a place called Punahala, or broken in, where many overflows have taken place; the chasms down which it flows, he further describes as most awful. That at the south end of the small lake is an elliptical arch, with a span of 142 yards, and a maximum height of 43 feet; the force of the lava precipitated into it is arrested by the gases escaping upwards, and fragments are thus thrown back, and spun into the filamentous form which we have already noticed, and scattered like flax round the volcano. The sound issuing from the archway is at the same time indescribable; Mr. Douglas's expression regarding it is—"That all the steam-engines in the world would be a whisper to it."

Near this extraordinary crater is another smaller one, equally deep; but which appears to have enjoyed a long period of internal tranquillity, as some trees growing at the bottom have 120 concentric rings, or annual layers of timber. But we must now pass to Mowna Roa, the third of these extraordinary scenes thus graphically described by Mr. Douglas. The summit of this is an extensive plain, exhibiting the traces of an ancient crater twenty-four miles in circumference, but which seems to have been long in repose, with a smaller one in activity, about six miles in circumference. The depth of this latter is about 1250 feet, and its chief product seems to be stones, with which its inner surface is covered. Deep chasms, or vent-holes, are also distributed over it, which emit gas, and occasionally sulphurous vapours, with a continued whizzing noise. Mr. Douglas's paper concluded with an account of a violent earthquake lately felt at Ohwyhee: regarding which, his observations seemed chiefly valuable, inasmuch as he considered that its approach was indicated by an irregular action of his magnetic bar, from which, and some similar observations made by him during an eruption of one of the mountains, he deduces an argument for the connexion between magnetical and electrical action.

The evening concluded with the very gratifying ceremony of presenting the royal premium of the Society for the current year to Lieutenant Burnes; an award regarding the justice and propriety of which, we are persuaded that there can be no second opinion. The following, we think, will be found a tolerably correct report of the proceedings on the occasion. The minutes of council, awarding the premium, were first read in the following terms:—

"The Royal Premium for 1834 is awarded to Lieutenant Alexander Burnes, of the East India Company's service, for having navigated the Indus, and communicated much new and important information regarding that river; for important observations made by him in a route hitherto unknown to Europeans, from Cabul, across the Indian Caucasus, to the ancient cities of Balkh and Bokhara; for new and interesting information furnished by him, regarding the upper course of the Oxus, and for many corrections supplied by him in the geography of Upper Asia."

After which, the President addressed the Society nearly as follows:—

"It gives me peculiar pleasure and gratification to perform the duty now imposed on me; I am gratified by it, because I feel persuaded

that every one is as much pleased as myself, and also because I feel that the Society receives honour from an occasion like this, as well as confers it. It is, indeed, a remarkable circumstance in the annals of this Society, and one which I think ought not to pass without special notice, that having existed only four years, and having only had four premiums to dispose of, two of these have been awarded for exertions contributing to open up the navigation of new rivers, (first the Quorra, and now the Indus,) those highways of commerce, of civilization, and of true religion, which may be considered the peculiar charge and property of this country. And I congratulate Lieut. Burnes first of all for the connexion which his services give him with this consideration.

"But not for this cause alone are his labours interesting, and his success grateful to us. He has opened a further pathway into ancient Bactria, a country unknown to modern travellers, but illustrious above all others for its historical associations. It comprises also within its limits, cities once possessed of the most splendid commerce, and illustrated by almost fabulous magnificence. The advantages which they have thus formerly enjoyed, may again return to them; and the commerce and political prosperity of Great Britain be benefited by Lieut. Burnes's labours, as well as her abstract science. It is impossible at this moment also to forget that the individual who has achieved all this is another servant of the East India Company, that body of merchants whose service has produced a greater number and proportion of illustrious individuals than almost any other active profession in the country; and which, by the protection and encouragement with which it has fostered his talents, has proved that it continues to appreciate, and for that very reason will continue to elicit similar efforts."

Then turning to Lieut. Burnes, the President added—"Lieut. Burnes, it gives me the greatest possible pleasure to present you with the annexed testimony of this Society's high approbation of your exertions, satisfied that it will contribute both to reward them, and stimulate you to new efforts. Suffer me to add also, that Scotchman born, it has in no slight degree added to my gratification this evening, to find the very interesting communication which has engaged our attention, written by one countryman, and our highest reward thus conferred at the end of it, on another. And I beg to add, therefore, my own personal thanks and congratulations to those which I am charged to offer you in the name of the Society."

To which Lieut. Burnes replied as follows:—"Mr. President and Gentlemen,—I am so much overpowered by the honour I now have conferred on me, and the terms of commendation with which it has been accompanied, that I am altogether unable to express my thanks in adequate terms for either. I shall only say, therefore, on this head, that as nothing can more highly reward my past efforts, so nothing can more strongly stimulate me to new ones, than the approbation of this Society. It is exactly twelve months to-day since I first appeared before you, and gave you an outline of what I had done and seen; and if, stimulated by the encouragement you then gave me, I have since published my travels at length, and these have obtained some favour both at home and abroad, do not suppose that I claim to myself all the merit, or even any very extraordinary share of it. First of all, in indulging my taste for travelling and adventure, I made no pecuniary sacrifices, as so many others have cheerfully done. On the contrary, I was most liberally appointed by my masters, the Court of Directors of the East India Company, for whose favour and patronage I can never be too grateful. Again, my path might be difficult and dangerous, but it was also in the

highest degree captivating and exciting. What physical geography to compare in grandeur and magnificence with that which I was called to study and examine?—what political relations more interesting to develop, at least in relation to the system with which I had long been identified?—what commercial openings more curious?—what historical associations more captivating? The country of the masters of Persia and India was to explore, the cradle of the conquering chiefs who had so often swept, like a whirlwind, across their plains; and I should have been pusillanimous indeed if, once entered on such a course, I could have gone back. And, gentlemen, I and my friend and companion Dr. Gerard, were not without even further encouragement. While on our route a Calcutta newspaper overtook us, and what think you the news in it which most fixed our attention? It was the establishment of this Society, and the interest which you were then taking in recovering the papers of Mr. Moorcroft. We were indeed delighted by this. We felt, that, happen what would, we should not be forgotten, nor our labours undervalued by a discerning British public. The tears stood in our eyes as these thoughts crossed our minds,—and now behold me here to tell the tale."

This address, which concluded with renewed thanks for the honour conferred, was received with much applause, and the meeting adjourned.

GEOLOGICAL SOCIETY.

Dec. 3.—George Bellas Greenough, Esq., President, in the chair. The reading of Mr. Darwin Rogers's paper on the 'Geology of the central and western portions of North America,' was resumed and concluded. A communication by Mr. De la Beche, on the 'Anthracitic formation near Biddeford,' was then read; and a paper by Mr. Allan Cunningham, 'On the physical and geological structure of the country between Newcastle (New South Wales) and the Dividing Ridge in 28° 3' South lat. and 152° 24' East long.,' was commenced.

SOCIETY OF ARTS.—On Tuesday Dr. Birkbeck lectured on "The preservation of timber, and other vegetable substances." The subject has been so frequently discussed, that nothing new remained to be said upon it.

MEETINGS FOR THE ENSUING WEEK.

MON.	Statistical Society	Eight, P.M.
TUES.	Linnean Society	Eight, P.M.
	Geological Society	3 p. 8, P.M.
WED.	Royal Society of Literature	Three, P.M.
	Society of Arts	7, P.M.
TH.	Royal Society	8, P.M.
	Society of Antiquaries	Eight, P.M.

MUSIC

SOCIETY OF BRITISH MUSICIANS.—These Concerts improve in general merit as they proceed. The selection of music given on Monday evening was highly creditable to its composers, and carefully executed; the band, led by Mori, being more efficient than we have yet heard it. We should hardly have imagined that the instrumental music at these concerts would exceed the vocal in interest, yet such proves to be the case; and Mr. C. Lucas's extremely clever Symphony, and Mr. W. S. Bennett's Overture to *The Merry Wives of Windsor*, gave us perfect satisfaction. The composer of the latter is full of talent; let him only beware of imitation, and he may be an honour to Europe as well as England; we, however, prefer the concerto he played on a former occasion, to this overture. Mr. Griesbach has studied in the school of Haydn and the older writers; his overture was good and sound, though not very striking. Miss C. Calkin played a piano-forte concerto by Field, in which we incline to think that the first movement must have been curtailed.—Mr. Harper, a trumpet concerto, won-

derfully, but his instrument is not, and cannot be made one for *solo* performance. Mr. Parry, jun., and Mr. C. Lucas, deserved their *encore*; the one for his singing, and the other for his charming violoncello obligato accompaniment to the ballad; but the composition was hardly worthy of a classical concert. Mr. Barnett's trio, 'This magic-wove scarf,' from his 'Mountain Sylph,' was sung by Miss Bruce, Mr. Barnett, and Mr. J. O. Atkins, and *encored*; the conclusion is not guiltless of being very like the conclusion to Mozart's 'Protegea, O giusto cielo,' in Don Giovanni. His scena from the 'Omnipresence of the Deity,' rather disappointed us. Mr. Walmisley's glee, 'I wish to tune my quiv'ring lyre,' is very good of its kind, and was well sung. The vocalists who appeared on this occasion were Miss Turpin, Miss Wagstaff, Miss Birch, Mr. Wilson, Messrs. Allen, Burnett, and Leoni Lee, besides those already mentioned.

THEATRICALS

THEATRE ROYAL, DRURY LANE.

This Evening, RICHARD THE SECOND. After which a New Interlude, entitled REFLECTION. And TAM O'SHANTER. Monday, THE RED MASK. With TAM O'SHANTER. Tuesday, THE CLANDESTINE MARRIAGE. With TAM O'SHANTER. Wednesday, THE RED MASK. With TAM O'SHANTER. THE RED MASK every Evening. TAM O'SHANTER every Evening.

THEATRE ROYAL, COVENT GARDEN.

This Evening, MANFRED; and other Entertainments. Monday, KING LEAR; and other Entertainments. MANFRED every other Evening.

MISCELLANEA

Thomas Pringle.—We regret to have to announce the death of this amiable and excellent man. Mr. Pringle was born in Tiviotdale, a romantic pastoral district in the south of Scotland, of which he has left some pleasing remembrances, in the poetry which from time to time he gave to the public. Mr. Pringle applied himself early in life to literature, as a profession; and was concerned in the establishment and early management of *Blackwood's Magazine*; shortly after, however, he chose to follow the fortunes of his family, who became settlers in South Africa. There, after a time, Mr. Pringle entered into some literary speculations in Cape Town, which, however, he was speedily forced to relinquish, by the government, at a pecuniary loss of little less than 1000*l.*—Upon the failure of these speculations, Mr. Pringle returned to England; and his services were soon after engaged by the Anti-Slavery Society, as secretary to that body, a situation which he continued to hold until within these few months, when the object of the society was accomplished; and the duties of which responsible office, he discharged, not merely as one expected to labour for hire, but as one whose heart was in the cause of humanity and justice. Mr. Pringle is also favourably known to the public as a sweet and graceful poet. His 'Ephemerides' abound in graphic pictures of African scenery; and are rich in evidences of the kind and christian spirit which accompanied the writer, in all that he did or wrote. As the Editor of 'Friendship's Offering,' too, Mr. Pringle brought to his task a sound judgment and a refined taste. The last work in which he was engaged, and which he finished only a month or two ago, was the revision of his volume entitled 'African Sketches,' with a view to a second edition, which, we believe, will soon appear. Early last summer, the rupture of a blood vessel confined Mr. Pringle to a sick bed, and greatly reduced the energies of a naturally strong constitution; and towards the autumn, it became apparent, that, for the preservation of life, a removal to a warmer climate was indispensable. Mr. Pringle's circumstances not permitting a trial of the south of Europe, he again turned his thoughts towards the Cape; the necessary preparations were

hastily completed; the passage money paid; and it wanted but three days of the time appointed for sailing, when a diarrhoea began to show itself, under which, the powers of nature, already enfeebled by confinement, speedily sank, and on Friday morning the 5th inst. he died peacefully, and without a struggle; exhibiting to the end that moral courage for which he had ever been remarkable, and supported by the recollection of a well-spent life, and by the hopes that spring from religion. Few men were richer in friends than Mr. Pringle; among their number we might enumerate most of the literary men of the day, and very many of those public men, who have made philanthropy the beacon of their political career: and although Mr. Pringle discharged during many years, with a fearless and honest zeal, the duties of an office which exposed him to the bitterness of party spirit, no man perhaps ever had fewer enemies, or descended into the grave with fewer animosities.

Scribe, the French Dramatic Author.—There is perhaps no author, whose pen has been more prolific than that of M. Scribe. During his theatrical career, he has written no less than 200 dramatic pieces, many of which have been translated into almost all the European languages, and played at every theatre in Europe. The yearly sum to which he is entitled, as *droits d'auteur*, for liberty to represent his pieces, is about 100,000 francs, and it is calculated, that he has received during the last twenty-two years, the enormous sum of 2,663,000 francs. He is said to be immensely rich, and has a very beautiful country house in the environs of Paris.

Coal Mines in France.—By a letter from Boulogne, we learn that a seam of coal has recently been discovered in the neighbourhood of that place. This, the writer very justly remarks, is of greater importance in consequence of the abundance of iron-stone in that district of France. It is, indeed, the absence or scarcity and dearthness of that all-important material of fuel, which causes the immaturity of the manufactures of that country—wood, with which the furnaces and steam-engines are principally supplied, being immeasurably dearer than the price at which coals can usually be delivered in the manufactories of Birmingham, Manchester, and Leeds. The superiority of the manufactures of England, since the invention of the steam-engine, may be almost entirely attributed to the abundance of coals in this country. The recent progress of the science of geology compels us, however, to entertain some doubt whether this exclusive advantage will always remain to these islands.

The Gulph Stream.—We perceive from the newspapers, that a bottle has recently been picked up at Southport, containing the following paper:—"Thrown overboard from the packet-ship, *South America*, by the passengers, March, 1833, in the Gulph Stream, off Cape Cod; latitude, 40.30; longitude, 68 west. The finder is earnestly requested to publish this in the nearest newspaper to the place where it may be found, to show the currents of the ocean, as well as to oblige the passengers, and to confer a benefit or science." Upon this a correspondent observes—"It is apparent that this bottle has traversed the whole breadth of the Atlantic Ocean, from America to England—adding another to the numerous proofs which have recently appeared, that the course of the Gulph Stream extends to a much greater distance to the eastward than is usually supposed. I have long been satisfied, that navigators are in error in supposing that the Gulph Stream has lost all force in about the longitude of the Azores, as laid down in the Admiralty charts. From this error, I make no doubt that numbers of the wrecks which annually take place upon

the western coast of Ireland are to be solely attributed. A few miles per day, in even the faintest current of the ocean, will, to a vessel long detained by contrary winds, make a difference of several degrees of longitude in a voyage from America to Europe. It is well known, that, almost in every instance, reckonings not kept by chronometer, bring a vessel across the Atlantic to the land in Europe altogether too soon, as expected by the navigator. It ought, therefore, to become an established doctrine in navigation, that an allowance should be made for the operation of currents long after the vessel has left the present determined limits of the Gulph Stream, and, by less gradations, to the whole western coasts of the North Atlantic Ocean."

NOVELTIES IN LITERATURE AND ART. IN THE PRESS.

On the 1st of January No. 1. of 'A History and Description of the late Houses of Parliament and Ancient Palatial Edifices of Westminster,' by Edward W. Bruley, and John Britton, Esqrs.—A new Dictionary, by J. Knowles.—Coghlan's New Pocket Picture of London.

Just published.—The Naturalist's Library, Vol. VI. 12mo. 6s.—Belcher's Nautical Surveying, royal 8vo. 21s.—Petersdorff's Precedents in Pleading, 8vo. 15s.—Robert D'Artois; or, the Heron Vow, a Romance, 3 vols. post 8vo. 31s. 6d.—The Christian Family's Assistant, by the Rev. H. L. Popplewell, 3rd edit. 8vo. enlarged, 15s.—Remains of Alexander Knox, Esq. 2 vols. 8vo. 24s.—The Public Worship of God, Illustrated and Enforced, by the Rev. J. Thomson, 12mo. 5s.—The Popular Guide to Health, by J. Burns, V.D.M. 12mo. 3s. 6d.—The Anti-Sectarian, with Brief Memoir of the Life of a Wanderer from the Fold of Christ, written by Himself, 8vo. 6s. 6d.—The Scots Worthies, 2 vols. 8vo. Vol. I. containing Memoirs of their Lives; Vol. II. Their Last Words and Dying Testimonies, edited by a Clergyman of the Church of Scotland, with Preface, by W. McGavin, new edit. 24s.—Sketches of Corfu, by G. S. 8vo.—Tough Yarns, by the Author of Greenwich Hospital, 17 Illustrations by Cruikshank, 12mo. 10s. 6d.—The Cottager's Monthly Visitor, for 1834, 4s.—Wild's Cottages for Emigrants and the Humbler Classes in England and Ireland, 8vo. plates, 7s.—Burford Cottage, 12mo. 7s.—Mitchell's Archænares, 8vo. 10s.—Martin's British Colonies, Vol. III. Possessions, North America, decy 8vo. 25s.—Simple Hymns and Poems, for Infant Schools, 18mo. 1s. 6d.—Holidays at Brighton, with plates, 18mo. 2s. 6d.—Sketches of a Youthful Circle, by G. S. 6d.—Lapland and its Rein-Deer, 18mo. 2s.—Tourrier's French Model-Book, 8vo. 8s.—Louden's Encyclopedia of Gardening, new edit. 50s.—Turner's Sacred History, Vol. II. 8vo. 14s.—Short History, by Major A., 18mo. 3s.—Memoirs of Oberlin, 18mo. new edit. 5s.—A Narrative of Events in the South of France, and of the Attack on New Orleans, 1814, 1815, by Capt. J. H. Cooke, post 8vo. 10s. 6d.—Flowers of all Hues, 32mo. 2nd edit. 3s. 6d.—The Commemorative Wreath, 12mo. 3s. cloth; 5s. silk.—Cruise's Digest, 7 vols. 4th edit. 8vo. by H. H. White, 5s. 12s.—Bell's Practical Elocutionist, 12mo. 5s. 6d.—The Princess, by Lady Morgan, 3 vols. royal 12mo. 31s. 6d.—Family Prayers, with Meditations and Hymns, by the Rev. Augustus M. Toplady, A.B., new edit. 18mo. 2s.—Pastoral Appeals on Personal, Domestic, and Social Prayer, by the Rev. Richard Winter Hamilton, 18mo. 2s.—Death, with other Poems, by the Rev. Robert Montgomery, B.A., Author of 'The Omnipresence of the Deity,' &c., 5th edit. 12mo. 7s. 6d.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

H. S.—H. M.—A. D.—C.—received.

Left for W. C.

M. J. F.—It is not usual to enter into the explanation required without knowing more of our correspondent. He should have given his name and address.

Our Publisher begs to announce that he will give 1*z.* each for Nos. 107 and 108 of the *ATHENÆUM*; he still continues willing to give the same for Nos. 107 and 108.

New York Bookseller's Gazette.—The editor of this paper is a little indignant, because some of our contemporaries extract, it appears, from his columns, without adding to the paragraph 'N. Y. Books. Adv.' and he reproves them in the homely phrase, 'Fair play's a jewel.' It may be so, but we could not but smile at the writer's one-sided conscience, seeing that in the very same paper he has many and some rather copious extracts from the *ATHENÆUM*, without one word of acknowledgment. To save him all trouble, we will refer him to pages 72 and 73, and to the account of New Athens—the Miser Punished—and the account of the Proceedings of the Oriental Translation Committee, itself alone occupying one whole column and a half.

ADVERTISEMENTS

BRITISH INSTITUTION. PALE MALL.—NOTICE TO EXHIBITORS.—All Pictures and Works of Art, intended for Exhibition and Sale, must be sent to the Gallery on MONDAY, the 13th, and TUESDAY, the 14th of JANUARY next, between the hours of 10 in the Morning and 5 in the Evening, after which time no Picture or other Work of Art can be received.

Portraits and Drawings in Water Colours are inadmissible. N.B. No Picture will be received for Sale that is not bona fide the property of the Artist.

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COMPRISING, IN QUARTO, Storer's Catalogue of Great Britain, 4 vols.—Sharon Turner's History of England, 5 vols.—Stanford Gazette, by Otley, 4 vols.—Hudibras, Fables de la Nation Française, 3 vols.—Henry's Bible, by Bickerton, 6 vols.—Cassell's Catalogue of Persons, 4 vols.—AND IN OCTAVO: Swift's Works, by Sir Walter Scott, 10 vols.—Pope's Works by Roscoe, 10 vols.—Percy Anecdotes, 10 vols.—Dodsley's Old Plays, 12 vols.—Bingham's Antiquities of the Church, 5 vols.—Barnes's Works, 7 vols.—Byron's Works, new edition, 17 vols.—Hallam's Middle Ages, 6 vols.—Murray's History of Greece, 6 vols.—Hume and Smollett's England, 10 vols.—Scholer's Abridgement of the Law, by Gosselin, 8 vols.—Portrait Gallery of Ladies, 72 Portraits.—Waverley Novels, new edition, 4 vols.; &c. &c. Heald's Book of Beauty, Keepsake, and other Annals. Together with a small CIRCULATING LIBRARY, including the most Popular Novels, &c. of the day, particularly the Works of Cooper, Ward, Galt, Bulwer, Galt, Godein, Scott, Porter, Brown, Carac, &c.

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